BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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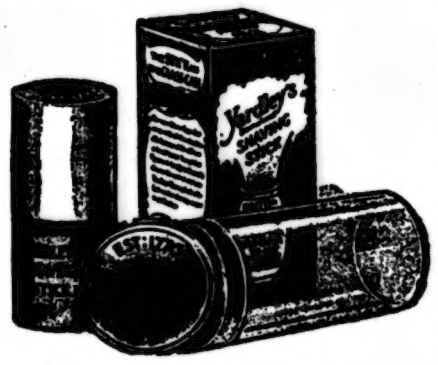

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JOHN BULL.

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South Hackney Election.

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Replies to be sent to
Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.,
67, Long Acre, London.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The results of the General Election so far as they have gone up to the time of going to press, confirm our original view that the Irish party will be masters of the situation, whilst in the not very unlikely event of a coalition between them and the Labour men, neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Balfour will count. The outcome will be Parliamentary chaos, another election at an early date—and the advent of the Business Government!

In the meantime, whilst we are about reforming the Lords, we had better also have a look at the constitution of the House of Commons. A representative chamber elected by a little more than two-thirds of one-half of the adult population must not give itself too many airs. When every man, at least, has a vote, and the power to use it, then will be time enough to talk about the will of the people as expressed by their duly elected representatives. At present, such a phrase is political cant.

Different candidates—different methods. Here is an extract from a speech by Mr. A. M. Samuel to the electors of the Stretford Division of Manchester:—

> You are not descended from the ancient Britons. You are a mongrel race born of the French and Normans. There is not a drop of pure British blood in any one of you people in this room. You are a mixture of Normans, Spanish, Cymrics, Celts, Gaelics, and Anglo-Saxons. (A Voice: "And Jews.") Yes, many Jews. The Cornish men are all Jews. Look at their noses.

Which recalls an incident during our own campaign. We were lunching at a local hostelry and, of course went out of our way to praise the quality of the beef—when, "Argentine, for a certainty," observed a friend who had come down to "help" us!

Here is another pretty example of religio-political hysteria. We had hoped that the new Parliament would have been free from this sort of thing. We quote from the Grimsby *Daily Mail*:—

> According to Mrs. Tom Wing, the wife of the new member for Grimsby, Sir G. Doughty's defeat has been brought about by Divine interposition.
>
> In a remarkable speech on Sunday, to the members of the Grimsby Men's Sunday Society she said:—
>
> "I should first like to say that as I have been going about helping in this great fight, one thing that has cheered me more than anything else has been when a labouring man or woman has grasped my hand and said, 'He will go in, Mrs. Wing; we are praying for him.' I believe prayers and the earnest and splendid work you have put in have done much; but there has been a higher power over it all, the power that has touched men's hearts and turned them to see, and best to love it when they see it. I do think we ought to lift our hearts in gratitude to our Father to-day, because it is His work more than it has been ours, though that has been so strenuous."

The conception of Providence as a Party Politician is surely the newest Theology. But what says Mrs. Wing to the *Unionist* gain in Woolwich—for which God is also being thanked? It must be very perplexing to the Deity, to say the least. Why cannot these silly people look just beyond their own little noses?

South Hackney, with its majority of 3,000 for the Editor of this journal—the President of the John Bull League and the advocate of a Business Government—surely marks an epoch in modern political history. Such a result, in face of the open and active hostility of the "Temperance" cranks and the nebulous "party" men, and of the eleventh hour manifesto of a "Liberal and Labour Protest Committee," headed by a leading Nonconformist parson—such a result, we say, has a serious meaning. What that meaning is, we shall endeavour to make clear when the new Parliament gets to work. It is a big task, but we shall try to discharge it.

The John Bull League will soon be actively at work again. The result of the Elections will give it a rare fillip.

We much fear that some of the motor-cars kindly lent by their owners to Parliamentary candidates for electoral purposes will be returned somewhat the worse for wear and tear. In one car we saw ten horny-handed sons of toil were crowded on the crimson cushions, two kiddies standing on the steps, and one, at peril of his little neck, hanging on behind. A few loads like this, combined with the attentions of gangs of gamins, buzzing around and in and out as the vehicle waits outside houses, polling stations, or committee rooms, is not calculated to do any good to £750 worth of animated ironmongery adorned with lovely leather trimmings. This may account for the fact that the supply of motor-cars for electioneering has not been equal to the demand.

A cruel case has occupied the attention of the Woolwich magistrate. Robert Hurren, a watchman employed by the Woolwich Borough Council, was entitled to burn coke for his fire. He had six children, and at home they had neither food nor fire. "Prisoner," said a detective, who gave evidence in the police-court, "seems to have thought that he could send the coke home if he stinted himself to do so." Apparently, therefore, he did stint himself, giving one of his children two penn'orth of the coke he might have burned on his watch fire. He was arrested and charged with stealing the coke. Unless the magistrates had been utterly callous to humane considerations they could not have convicted. In fact, they bound him over to come up for judgment if called upon. "Mr. Gill," says the reporter, "asked if the Council would keep the prisoner in their employ, and the foreman replied that they would not." We do not know whether the Woolwich Borough Council intends to leave a decision of this sort in the hands of a mere works foreman, but if they do, they will do it to their shame.

An Alta reader sends us the following prayer—taken from a pamphlet issued by the "Society of Philistines," of the United States. We think we must adopt it as the official prayer of the John Bull League:—

> O Thou who art All Wise and Merciful, we ask deliverance from all Priestly Piffle; from all Sunday morning promises of eternal rest and rust; from all threats of eternal Hell; from all Pew rent, Church Fairs, Professional Tax Dodgers and sanctimonious Idlers; so that we may have time to love each other and be sincere, reasonably kind, and when in doubt, to mind our own business, to the end that others may mind theirs. Teach us, O Spirit of Truth, to work, laugh, play and pass the medicine ball instead of the hat.

And whilst on the subject of prayer, we quote a verse from one of the Salvation Army hymns, which a Tunbridge Wells reader sends us:—

> We, while the stars from Heaven shall fall
> And mountains are on mountains hurled,
> Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
> And smile to see a burning world.

We hope that smile will never "come off."

Here is a delightful poster which originated from the Conservatives of North Paddington:—

DO YOU WANT TO BE UNDER GERMAN RULE?
VOTE FOR A. STRAUSS.

This reminds us of Will Crooks' delight when he persuaded a Chinese laundry to put up posters with the words: "Vote for Crooks and no Chinese labour." When the meaning of this was explained to the poor fellows afterwards they determined to lose no time in learning the English language.

Despite the newspapers, Sir Ernest Shackleton announces that he has no present intention of making a further attack on the South Pole. Quite right. Scott has now got some money also.

Readers will notice in another column an Open Letter to the Vicar of St. John's, Plumstead. What we have thought right to say about the prohibited *Te Deum* of this gentleman applies not less fittingly to the minister in charge of the Uxbridge Road Tabernacle, Hammersmith, whoever he may be. Here is his advertisement as it appeared in a West London paper: "Parliamentary Election. Borough of Hammersmith. Special Meeting for Prayer on behalf of Mr. Blaikiock's candidature. All sympathisers heartily invited." The only difference between the Plumstead parson and the Tabernacle pastor is that one announced a special service of thanksgiving because the Labour candidate was thrown out, and the other announced a special prayer meeting in order to get the Liberal candidate in. To such things do our party politics bring us!

A member of the John Bull League, a Conservative, by the way, walked out of a Nottingham church which he attends when the vicar commenced to drag Party politics into his sermon. If all members of congregations would imitate this excellent example, churches and chapels would soon cease to be the annexes of Tory and Liberal committee rooms.

Apropos Nottingham, here is another specimen of blasphemy, the author being the Rev. Dr. J. B. Paton, who recited it at an election meeting. It will be recognised as a parody on a well-known hymn:—

> Take my vote and let it be
> Consecrated Lord to Thee;
> Take my hand and let it trace
> Crosses in the proper place.

The "proper place" was clearly indicated as being opposite the names of the Liberal candidates; where, as a matter of fact, the electors traced their crosses so sparsely that they lost two seats. Perhaps this *débâcle* was a judgment.

The Spanish Government seems to be carrying on its campaign of persecution against the friends of the late Señor Ferrer. The editor of a republican paper published some articles denouncing the torture of small boys in the Model Prison at Barcelona, and criticised the Governor of that institution for his literary methods. It appears that he made use of his authority to induce or compel certain well-known persons to write and illustrate a book which he intended to publish under his own name. One of them was a famous forger, named Conde, and this was too good a journalistic opportunity to be lost. So the paper appeared with an article, headed "Governor of the Model Prison in collaboration with Conde." This brought about a prosecution, and the editor was first imprisoned, then exiled. He has now made his way to London, but is in a deplorable fix, without money, food, home, or work, and expecting at every moment the confinement of his wife. He is a good draughtsman on paper and stone, a capable translator of French and English into Spanish, and he thinks that if he could obtain a little money to buy materials to keep him going for a few weeks he could make a living by designing and publishing postcards. Who will help?

George Karageorgevitch, the gallant young prince whose chief relaxation consists in burying cats up to the neck and stamping them to death with his hob-nailed boots, has at last been expelled from Servia for the minor offence of insulting a prefect of police. We do not envy the country which will now have the honour of entertaining him, but, anyhow, there is a chance that his Royal blood may no longer shelter him from the consequences of his actions. He may yet see the inside of an Austrian or British gaol.

The patron of a living is very much in the position of a man who owns a shop—with this difference, however, that the shopkeeper is bound to engage people likely to suit his customers as well as himself, while the patron of a living may engage a parson who suits nobody except himself. This is the position at Emmanuel Church, Preston. The curate in charge was a popular man. He drew a large congregation, and that congregation, at all events, are enthusiastic in praise of the social and religious work he has done in the parish. But the patrons have appointed another rev. gentleman, a stranger from Manchester. There have been vigorous protests and even disturbances of the peace of the parish in consequence; and a Sunday or two ago. with a temporary preacher in the pulpit, half of the congregation walked out of the church. What a pity it is that all appointments to Livings are not subject to election.

Of course, it goes without saying that little boys should not try to commit suicide. Certainly there is something radically wrong with them when they do. Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster magistrate, seems to think that it is their theology. Consider his dialogue with a lad of 15 at the Children's Court:—Mr. Smith: Why do you want to go out of the world, to another place? Boy: I don't know that there is another place. I think not. Mr. Smith: Is such a boy in his right mind? I shall remand him to Brixton for the doctor's report. Query: Do the magistrate and the doctor know any more than the boy? It is surely going far to assume that a person isn't in his right mind merely because he admits that he doesn't know what nobody on earth ever possibly can know.

Missioners are, as a rule, sadly lacking in the sense of humour. Here is an illustration. The employees of the Telegraph Messenger Service in Manchester are receiving the ministrations of a special mission, and a little card is distributed amongst them containing texts for the month and also a hymn. We select a verse from each:—

> Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.—Rev. iii. 20.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Behold a Stranger at the door!
> He gently knocks, has knocked before,
> Has waited long, is waiting still;
> You treat no other friend so ill.

The idea of the telegraph boys being asked in to supper, and subsequently returning the hospitality, is delicious; but there is more reason in the complaint about being kept waiting at the door.

We are sorry to learn that the Commission appointed by the Bishop of Carlisle to inquire into the condition of the parish of Stainmore has found that a *primâ facie* case has been made out for "instituting further proceedings against the Rev. J. G. Lax." The origin of the matter was the notorious case in which a parson was attacked by local youths whilst escorting an assistant schoolmistress and church organist one evening in September for a walk. Mr. Lax is "perpetual curate" of Stainmore, and the girl is the daughter of a stationmaster who has left the district. The reverend gentleman's defence before the Commission was that he had acted *in loco parentis* to the girl and assisted her in her studies. Witnesses declared that although supposed to be a teetotaler he had visited a public-house with the girl and drunk beer whilst she took milk; had sat with her head on his shoulder, had said "Ta-ta" to her and kissed her, and had met her in the darkened church, as well as spent long periods with her alone in his study. All these things the perpetual curate denies; and we will leave it at that for the present.

There is humour in the announcement that to advertise the Camberwell Municipal Turkish baths the Borough Council have not only decided to spend £100 on sandwichmen but to "supply the medical men of the borough with free bathing tickets." This enterprising benevolence is open to misconstruction.

We welcome the signs of keen interest on the part of the people in questions affecting our national welfare, but we are disquieted by the daily reports of electoral rowdyism. Surely, despite the party system and its malevolent influence in obliterating the true issues, we may concede that there are honest men on all sides. We hear of a woman being struck with bricks—which are even worse than eggs; of a candidate getting down to fight an elector; and of a Dissenting minister who was ducked in a horse-trough. We know of people, even in South Hackney, whom we would like to duck, or to fight, or with whom we have been tempted to argue with an egg or a brick. But we prefer to get their votes. Let other constituencies look to South Hackney for guidance in this as in other respects.

We have been taught to view the Priest and the Levite of the Scriptures with disapproval, but their spirit does not yet seem to have died out, at any rate in the fashionable parts of the capital. A lady fell down in New Bond Street, the other day, and broke her leg. For a long time, however, no one took the faintest notice of her except to draw away skirts and avoid her or cast supercilious glances of indifference in her direction. At last, however, a nurse came to the rescue. Instantly a crowd sprang from nowhere and stood round gaping, all doing their best to impede the work of rescue. Quite a pretty little sermon might be composed on the callous indifference of dwellers in big cities. Suppose we met a hungry man in the desert, we should certainly entertain him, and if he fell sick, we should probably interrupt our journey to nurse him. But in London, the slightest appeal to common charity is viewed with suspicion, and may even lead to a charge at the Police Courts.

According to Monsieur Thion, President of the Paris Syndicate of Horse Butchers, and he ought to know, 200,000 horses are annually consumed in France as human food. Think of living in a country where you can have the pleasure of eating the gee-gee on which you once stood to win at 20 to 1, but lost! We must have a cut off our own disappointing equine namesake, one of thase days.

Last year Huddersfield had the lowest infantile mortality in the history of the borough. This result is in a large measure due to the bonuses given to mothers by its chief magistrates in recent years. Mayor Broadbent, for instance, offered £1 to the mothers of all babies born in the "ward" in which he resided, if the children lived to reach the age of 12 months. Thus was set up a sort of competition among mothers with young children, by which the infants were enabled to survive the critical period of their existence.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest form of advertisement is to announce the discovery of a new animal. This is not even an original feat, for even real explorers have already discovered new animals. We are told by Reuter that the ex-President's discovery is a "small carnivorous mammal, closely resembling a fox." This, however, is not very convincing, for many animals answer to that description. Perhaps it was only a jackal or a dog.

The Turkish Parliament has been burnt down. We suggest that, before rebuilding it, enquiries should be made whether there is any serious desire among the Turkish people for its resurrection.

We notice that the Marylebone police have brought a charge of solicitation against a woman of unquestionable respectability. She was returning from a visit to friends at Islington, and alighting at Baker Street, a gentleman who had travelled by the same 'bus asked her the way to the Marylebone Road, and on his leaving her with his question answered, two policemen arrested her. In support of the charge the constables swore that they had cautioned her thrice previously on the evening of her arrest, and that they knew her for a loose character. There was not a particle of truth in these statements, and in the end the case was dismissed. It is clear that the officers either put up a conspiracy against the woman or made a serious mistake in identification. The magistrate was satisfied that the witnesses for the defence had "conclusively proved the accused to be absolutely innocent of the charge and a perfectly respectable young woman;" and he went on to say that a mistake had obviously been made by the police officers, that mistakes of the kind continually occurred, that he wondered they "did not occur more frequently in cases of this kind," and that he was confident they had given their evidence with perfect bona fides. Why do stipendiary magistrates think it necessary to defend the action of the police and give them a handsome certificate of character whenever they fail in sustaining their charges in cases of this kind? Why apply so much balm to the bruised spirit of a policeman? The least the Chief Commissioner ought to do is to make handsome and complete apology, and pay the costs to which this young woman has been put in her defence. Surely, it is not the business of a magistrate to excuse or whitewash the police in their blunders.

We are glad to see that the fanatics of Sheffield have been foiled in an attempt to interpret betting by telephone as "resorting" at a bookmaker's office. To send a telegram is admittedly not resorting, and only the ingenuity of a Kill-joy would have supposed that the use of a different kind of wire constituted an offence. Some fool, however, seems to have held this view, and imposed a fine of £100, but this has very properly been reversed on appeal, and we are glad to hear that costs were given against the Chief Constable and the Magistrates. We hope they will pay them out of their own pockets, and not out of that of the ratepayers.

We are informed that the minister of the church in the East-end of Aberdeen who recently offered up one of the most curious supplications ever heard in those parts is still awaiting an answer to prayer. "May Thou eenfluence," he said, "the hairts of those in command at the barracks tae change the meelitary marchin' music in oor streets on Sundays tae that of hymn tunes suggestive of reeligious thocht or tae the causin' of the soldiers tae wa'k quietly tae an' frae kirk like ither fowk." Will the Officer Commanding be good enough to reply without further delay?

At Newcastle, the magistrates have discharged a Brazilian sailor who, during a quarrel in a fried fish shop with other Brazilians, shot a little girl; that is to say, in trying to shoot one of his companions, he hit the child. Sunderland is not far away from Newcastle; yet here the magistrates fined a young man for carrying a revolver without a licence and discharging it in the air. Probably, if he had lived in Newcastle and accidentally shot a policeman, he would have been discharged without a stain on his coat of arms. Had not he better go there?

The dictum of Councillor Gott, of the Ilford Local Council, is that the new tramway manager should not be over 40, for "when a man gets over 40 he ain't much use to anybody." After all, Gott ought to know. He's over.

"Has anyone here seen Kelly?" When last heard of by us, Kelly—his other name being William—had just been sent to a Scottish gaol for nine months. Kelly is presumably an Irishman; and he has, or had, a colleague named Davies, presumably a Welshman. We smile at the thought of Taffy and Paddy playing the confidence trick on a Scotsman, but so it happened. The Scotsman met the Welshman and the Irishman in a public-house, and they pretended to have special racing information from a jockey (the Welshman's brother) and to be making vast sums by backing horses. The cupidity of the Scot was aroused, with the result that he parted with £85—to be invested on the "Gimcrack Stakes"! No wonder the judge asked the Scotsman whether he was sober at the time. "I had only claret and lemonade," he said. Next time he must stick to whisky—and his money. Dare we add that two other Scotsmen are said to have been taken in by Kelly on the same lines? Mr. Bernard Shaw says the Irish are the most practical people on earth. There may be something in it. As to the Welsh—well Lloyd George knows best.

It is to be hoped that the various Benches of magistrates who may be concerned with what are called "Slate Club Scandals" will not deal too leniently with the rascals who abuse their positions as secretaries or treasurers of these bodies. There is something peculiarly brutal about the swindling of poor folk who have been saving up for months with a view to having a Merry Christmas. We do not advocate in any cases ferocity in sentences; but where frauds have been systematic, and upon people unskilled in looking after their interests, a seasonable leniency may be carried too far by well-fed gentlemen who do not realise the anguish that has been caused in humble homes. An alien secretary of a suburban club who had embezzled £90, covering a period of four years, was sentenced to three months the other day "in the second division." Three months! And why in the second division? Perhaps Mr. Gillespie will explain?

Whilst we do not commend foreign lotteries as the most desirable means of losing one's money, we have never been able to regard them as inherently wicked. Therefore, especially as the defendant seems genuinely to have sinned in ignorance, we submit that the Guildhall Court might have let David Macdonald off more easily for advertising tickets for the Grand Trunk Government Liquidation Lottery. The lottery seems to have been in aid of a French hospital and sanctioned by the French Government. The defendant's general character was not impeached, although he *is* an "outside broker"; the police did not impute fraudulent intent; and all the facts point to a mere technical offence committed in error. Yet a fine of £20 was inflicted, with five guineas costs. Meanwhile our letter boxes are packed daily with circulars asking us to speculate in such tickets. We expect better things from the Guildhall.

Much to their regret, no doubt, the will of their father leaves Messrs. George and Walter Pullman, of Chicago, with a comparatively small income instead of a great inheritance. But that is their own fault. Though he died worth £4,500,000, the father explicitly states that neither of his sons "has developed such a sense of responsibility as is requisite for the wise use of large properties and considerable sums of money," wherefore they are cut off with £600 a year a-piece, with reversion of the capital to their children. He is a wise father who knoweth his own sons, and we take it that £600 a year is just about as much loose cash as these boys ought to have about them. If they want any more they must try to earn it. It is a fine example to testators.

Some of our readers have taken exception to the "Imaginary Interview" with Mr. Conway Wertheimer, our late opponent, which appeared in last week's issue. These "interviews" being imaginary, we naturally allow the author of them a fairly wide latitude—in addition to which fact, it was quite impossible for us to keep as watchful an eye as usual over the whole of our contents whilst engaged in a strenuous election contest. Otherwise we might have slightly modified a few sentences. Still, the whole thing was obvious election chaff. Personally, we are happy to testify to the fair fight which Mr. Wertheimer gave us, and as we said after the declaration of the poll, we hope he will soon find a seat—for some other constituency!

One of the most disgusting features of the General Election has been the wild frenzy of the Party Press—bordering upon journalistic dishonesty. The results of every day's polling have been seized upon by each section in turn as evidence of the "flowing tide"—the voters being alternately flattered and insulted according to the way things have gone. The whole thing is revolting. Some of the papers have gone to the length of refusing advertisements during the election if they happened to be inconsistent with their Party creed!

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

The candidate was perplexed by the discrepancy in the reports of his canvassers as to the "Fors" and "Againsts" in a certain street, and, to make quite certain, he asked a lady friend, new to politics, to go and carefully check the window cards; and this was her report—"Nine Browns, six Smiths *and one Curler Paterson!*"

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE JOINT CONFERENCE OF WATCH COMMITTEES WHO CONSIDER IT INADVISABLE TO GIVE THE POLICE IN PROVINCIAL TOWNS ONE DAY'S REST IN SEVEN AS IT WOULD MEAN EMPLOYING MORE MEN.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!

OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.

WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For stating in a testimonial (according to a newspaper report) that "My foot slipped off the ladder and my leg was torn just above an old wound. The leg now began to swell and the skin turned black, particularly round the OLD WOMAN. *I dressed my leg with the balm and rested all day* ON THE COUGH."

MR. HARRY SMITH, 21, ADELAIDE STREET, CROYDON,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "I want when I am in the grave TO SEE *my grandchildren hold their own,"*

MR. CADOGAN, CHAIRMAN AT A LYNN MEETING,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "It was an IMPOSSIBLE *request, but Mr. Lloyd George complied with it* AS FAR AS WAS POSSIBLE."

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Near Vienna nine platelayers were killed by a train from a tunnel, WHICH SURPRISED THEM."

THE HALIFAX COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing in the Prize List: "Cows calved over 10 *cwts., and cows in calf over* 11 *cwt.*—1. MRS. HIRD; 2, MRS. WILSON."

THE LIVERPOOL COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "when the goods are all sold the SALE *will be over,"*

W. A. TOVEY, AXMINSTER,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a man "gives THREE TUNES *at one time* WHILE SINGING THE WORDS OF A DIFFERENT SONG TO EACH."

THE DAILY RECORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Lost Cats Free; also Humane Lethal Box; OWNERS, 6D."

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The Mayoress of Harrogate, who was accompanied by the Mayor, wore her CHAIR *of office, as did the Mayor,"*

THE YORKSHIRE HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Another ENGLISH *principal is Miss Beatrice McCready, the young* IRISH *contralto,"*

THE HARROGATE ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing: "Speech in an Icehouse. The 'auditorium' was flanked by newly-made blocks of ice, and the candidate was WARMLY *received,"*

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting the Chancellor as having stated: "The foreigner orders GODS *here. We send them along,"*

THE WESTERN EVENING HERALD (PLYMOUTH)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring to "the WIDOWED *mother, who was accompanied by her* HUSBAND *and the prisoner's orphan brother,"*

THE SOUTHEND AND WESTCLIFFE GRAPHIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For talking of "*WEANING *the people* BACK *to the ways of darkness,"*

THE WESTERN MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

REJECTED (ELECTION) ADDRESSES.

THOUGHTS ON SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Mr. J. A. Pease: "Jack" is sure to come back before long. The Liberals cannot do without him. After the surly and self-sufficient Whiteley—now Lord Something or the other—"Jack's" breezy régime was appreciated on all hands. A good sportsman, man of the world, and of business, keen as a needle, and the essence of tact, he was the ideal Whip—and the sooner he comes back the better for the party.

Col. Seely: Another "Jack"—everybody called him "Jack Seely." But he was never a Jack-in-office. He was the one conspicuous success amongst the new Ministers. A pleasant and jovial personality, with perfect parliamentary manners, and a fine voice and elocution, he was the ideal Under-Secretary, and would undoubtedly very soon have gone a step or two up the official ladder. Contrary to custom, office had mellowed instead of stiffened him—and he, too, will soon be back.

Mr. T. W. Russell: Good riddance! An ill-informed temperance fanatic—utterly out of place on the Treasury Bench. Mean in mind and body, with bad manners and worse style, I am quite sure that the House of Commons was not the sphere of usefulness into which it ever pleased Providence to call him. He just dropped in on his own account. R.I.P.

Mr. Leif Jones: The only agreeable personality in the late Parliament connected with the "Temperance" cause. Since I deposed "Sir Thomas" from his proud pinnacle, Leif Jones has been the virtual leader of the party. He always, in the House, kept himself under non-alcoholic restraint. Outside, he ranted a bit. Let him rant.

Mr. Chiozza Money: Poor Chiozza! Quite a good fellow, despite that he lived on Blue-books and statistics. Though handicapped a little by voice and manner, the House listened to him, as it always does to a man who knows his subject. An unbending Free Trader, he knew no compromise on the Fiscal question.

Mr. Harold Cox: And poor Harold! What a muddle he has made of it! If only he had listened to my solicitations and joined the Business party! In his defeat the House loses one of its best debaters and sweetest personalities. And I'm afraid he won't come back. He is too honest for a politician—that is to say, under the present party system.

Mr. R. K. Causton: Long whispered for a Peerage. His House of Commons work was finished—and he was simply waiting.

Mr. Will Crooks: Weeping Willie, I christened him. He was always crying. He had but one speech, and one story; and was the victim of the delusion that only he knew anything about the lives and struggles of the poor. Without a practical idea in his head, he was all heart—and tears. As my seat was opposite his I shall be sure to miss him. Still, I shall bear up.

Mr. F. Maddison: What strange things Time brings about! Despite the fact that but for me Mr. Maddison would not have gained his first seat in the House, he took occasion to openly flout me on the second night of the old Parliament. He was an essentially nasty man—with a sneer that wouldn't come off. Everybody thought that he was "after something." Now he is after a seat.

Sir J. W. Benn: An essentially municipal genius, who rarely troubled the House, and, truth to tell, never appeared to understand its work. He will probably not trouble to get back—especially as young "Wedgwood" is there to keep the name alive.

Mr. James Stuart: Champion of Social Purity and founder of Captain Coe's Finals. A smug humbug.

Sir Henry Norman: Forced into fame by the Budget League. Organised, with only about five hundred assistants and half a dozen newspapers, an Albert Hall demonstration almost as big as the John Bull League meeting. He must have a Peerage.

Sir John Barker: A sound man of business who can be ill spared. One of the best.

Sir E. Tennant: Brother of Mrs. Asquith. He will have time to study the art of unobtrusive attire.

Sir Henry Cotton: Dear old Sir Henry! Typical Anglo-Indian, with a bee in his ear about native grievances. One of the most courtly men in the House.

Lord Robert Cecil: Most painstaking and conscientious worker, who now gives way to a more brilliant brother. I always wondered why this scion of a noble house wasted his time in Parliament—when he might be eating new-laid eggs and drinking cream in a stately country castle—and thus prolonging his life. Firm on Free Trade, he has been skilfully jockeyed out of the House. He was never of it.

Mr. Victor Grayson: I am sorry he has gone. A downright good chap—no cant, no "side," no tolerance for humbug and self-righteousness—and as straight as a die. He is pretty sure to bob up again.

Mr. Dumphreys: Dear old Daddy! He had a short career; was asked to speak in the last days of the old Parliament, but "funked" it—and thus saved his parliamentary reputation.

Mr. Joynson-Hicks: A fussy little bit of humanity, lacking in a sense of personal perspective. Strong on Church questions, from the lay point of view. But we shall manage to "muddle through" without him.

Mr. Claude Hay: A pertinacious, consequential little fellow—no respecter of persons; always angry and indignant with the Government, and ever ready to put it right. Pachydermatous to a degree.

Mr. Pike Pease: Related to "Jack," and one of the Opposition Whips. A bit on the ponderous side, and always taking things seriously—presumably as an example to his men. Occasionally seen in mental labour—prior to reading out a few notes.

Mr. Buckmaster, K.C.: The best man at the Chancery Bar. Did not seem to care for the work, or could easily have got legal office. Presumably prefers a judgeship—leaving Isaacs, Hemmerde, and Simon to fight it out for the parliamentary plums.

Mr. G. P. Gooch: Brother of the Peckham pride—and *such* a repellant personality—with eyes always turned heavenwards and mouth wide open—typical bigot, fanatic, and prude. May he never return.

Mr. P. W. Wilson: Our old friend, "P. W. W.," of the *Daily News*. He will now have to go up to the Press gallery—where he will be much more at home.

Mr. F. D. Acland: One of the new Ministers—quite a youth, whom we recently chaffed upon still wearing an Eton jacket. Was never at ease on the Treasury Bench, and will be all the better for a few years' more training.

Mr. Arnold Lupton: Anti-Vaccination enthusiast and Liberal counterpart of "Boadicea Hunt" on the Tory benches. He *will* be missed—especially at All-Night Sittings, when he could be relied on to wake the House up.

Mr. Carlyon Bellairs: Naval critic and recent convert to Unionism. Will not be mourned by either party. Lacked warmth and wore a fierce expression.

Mr. T. H. Sloan: Another "Temperance" fatality, an unattached member of the Unionist party, fond of annoying the Nationalists and invariably getting the worst of it. A bigoted anti-Catholic, with a keen nose for "escaped nuns."

Mr. T. F. Richards: Still another Tea Potter. A thin-lipped, unbending "Temperance" advocate. How roughly the constituencies have handled them! I suppose the people begin to realise that the House of Commons is not a Gospel Mission nor a Temperance Hall.

Mr. J. Branch: Thank Heaven! The most uninviting personality in the House. What Dickens would have given for a photo of him!

FURNITURE.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I wonder whether it has ever occurred to my intelligent congregation to ruminate over the monstrous extravagance and utter uselessness of furniture. Probably the manufacture of this rubbish has now become one of the chief industries of the country and is, therefore, backed up by vested interests as well as venerable prejudices. No doubt, it employs a large number of people, but anyone conversant with the elements of political economy will see at once that the makers of a superfluous commodity would be better employed in breaking stones. This applies to all luxuries and to few more than to furniture, on which necessitous persons waste their substance with wicked recklessness. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that the temptations of dress, drink, gambling and gastronomy are as nothing compared with the insatiable lust for the accumulation of inconvenient sticks.

A Sigh for Space.

Look round any room and just think to yourselves what a very large proportion of its contents might be consigned to a bonfire with advantage. We hear a good deal about lack of space in this crowded age, of the necessity for fresh lungs in crowded cities, of the painful overcrowding even in the homes of the comparatively well-to-do. Royal Commissions and the energies of politicians are constantly directed towards the alleviation of the evil. Yet it seems never to have occurred to any reformer that a large aggregate of much-needed breathing space would be obtained by reducing the contents of all rooms to a bare minimum. Surely you must have noticed how much more commodious and palatial an empty house appears before it has been put into the hands of the furnishers?

The Curse of Carpets.

Let us take carpets, in the first place. Most of us have been brought up to regard carpets as an unpleasant necessity. They collect dirt, dust, microbes, all the horrors of town air, and require vehement castigation at frequent intervals. I mentioned this fact to a purveyor of carpets the other day, and the best argument he could offer was that his wares served to keep out draughts. That, however, is an unnecessary reflection upon builders. Surely it is only in the worst jerry-built edifices that floors are constructed so that they admit currents of air. You do not find carpets in palaces, at any rate for protection against the wind. Whenever I go to call upon a king, I expect to find a nice polished floor and no more than an occasional rug of great price for purposes of decoration. No doubt a really good carpet is a work of art and a joy to the eyes, but this does not apply to the ordinary carpet of commerce.

Chuck Chairs.

I shall probably be more convincing if I begin by dealing with the articles which are more universally regarded as indispensable. Let me then take a chair. Why should an insensate fashion compel us to crouch in unnatural attitudes? The floor would be much better for our muscles, but if we are so degenerate as to require some mitigation of its hardness, why should we not be content with a mat or a cushion? If we are incorrigible sybarites, why not follow the example of the Orientals and have divans all round our rooms? The cross-legged attitude of the Turks is agreeable and dignified when you become accustomed to it. And in moments of fatigue you are provided with a ready-made lounge which does not encroach upon valuable space. I do not, of course, object to people using chairs if they want to, but what does seem to me ridiculous is to fill a room with far more chairs than are ever likely to be wanted. The present fashion seems to be to purchase the kind of chair which could only be required if every room in the house were densely populated at one and the same moment. Surely it would be better to restrict each room to the number of chairs required when the family is at home and to borrow from other rooms when guests appear.

The Tyranny of Tables.

The same applies to tables. A writing table, a dinner table, a billiard table may be excused, but nearly everyone has a great superfluity of tables which are only used as receptacles for lumber. Books, flowers, ornaments, photograph frames, newspapers, anything and everything may be found heaped up on tables. Surely it would be much neater, as well as more convenient, to place all these things on shelves, or, better still, in cupboards in the wall, or, best of all, in the dust-bin.

Odious Ornaments.

While I am on this topic, I must say a word or two on so-called ornaments. By an ornament I mean something which is admittedly not useful. As a general rule, it is not even ornamental either. The present idea of people who consider themselves artistic is to gather together all sorts of things in a frantic effort to prevent a house from looking what they call "bare." If they only knew, the simplicity of bareness is far preferable to any display of objects gleaned from old curiosity shops. Thank goodness, the era of artificial flowers under glass shades, and edifices of shells or sea-weed has now passed away except, perhaps, in marine resorts. But we still have old pots and pans, bygone crockery, displayed in drawing-rooms. What our ancestors may just have tolerated in the scullery is hung on our walls in a net-work of wire, or arrayed in sumptuous cupboards with glass doors: and you may see a broken jug or a cracked soup-tureen occupying the place of honour beside a monstrous warming-pan or a grandfather's clock which has long ceased to tell the time. There are modern ornaments, too, hideous mugs with coats of arms, souvenirs of uninteresting places, tawdry trophies of travel. But perhaps the worst vandalism of all is exemplified by an imbecile attempt to make things other than they really are. Thus an ink-pot is got up to look like a cradle, a clock tries to be taken for a cow, a biscuit-box masquerades as a doll's house, a flower vase is disguised as a boat. What can be the pleasure of these childish pretences, I have never been able to understand. They are not convincing, they are not interesting, they are not ingenious, they are not even pretty.

Pitiful Pictures.

I am not inaugurating a crusade against prettiness but against absurdity. By all means, let us have beautiful carvings and rich colours—anything that will create an atmosphere of poetry and joy. But do not let us have spindle-legged chairs or ricketty tables or fantastic bedsteads. Let us be very careful also about pictures, for while it is true that we do not seem to notice them after a week or two, they must unconsciously reflect themselves upon our minds. Live in an atmosphere of framed photographs and silly prints and garish daubs and you must be debasing your intellect every time you open your eyes.

Thrift.

Why waste money on furniture when you might devote it to every kind of delectable carouse? "Sell," said Hafiz, "sell, I say, the prayer carpet and buy a cask of wine."

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

HOW A NAVY CANDIDATE HAD HIS TOES "STRAIGHTENED"

We have received the following letter. What have the authorities at St. Thomas's Hospital to say to it?—

> Wishing to join the Navy, I went to Whitehall Place to do so. The recruiting sergeant examined my teeth, eyesight, etc., which were perfect; the only thing which stopped me was a hammer toe on both feet—that is, the toe is doubled under. He told me to go to the hospital and get it straightened, which I am certain was a simple operation.
>
> Before going to the hospital, I went to my doctor for a letter to get a bed. He examined the toe himself, and said it would be a simple operation to straighten it. He wrote me a letter, addressed to the R.M.O., St. Thomas's Hospital, telling him I was joining the Navy, but before doing so, I have two "hammer toes" which must be *straightened*. I took the letter to the hospital, and they gave me a paper, on which they wrote:—"Navy Candidate," so you will see it was thoroughly understood that I was joining the Navy. It was about two weeks before I got in the hospital. Before the operation, Mr. Battle, the doctor, came to me with his students, and explained to them how to straighten them. After the operation I discovered they had cut both the toes off, without asking my permission. This of course has prevented me getting into the Navy. Had they have told me what they meant to do, I should have told them not to touch them, as I had had my toes like that as long as I could remember; they troubled me very little. I came out of the hospital Thursday last. I have not yet been up to tell the doctor it has prevented me joining the Navy. What would you advise me to do? Can I claim damages?

If the facts are as stated, our correspondent should be able to recover damages.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "WARATAH."

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

We have received a large number of letters commenting upon our article of last week, which naturally has been read with great interest all over the country. From these letters we select a few opinions.

"Ship's Engineer" writes to us to say :—

> Every word in your article is true as to the *Waratah* being top-heavy, and you can confirm this at the Docks.

Another correspondent writes :—

> I have heard the same opinion from good sources in two different quarters. I know a gentleman in the City who would not return by the *Waratah* after going out with her, and directly she was missing I asked him about it, and he said he had no doubt she had "turned turtle."

The writer of another letter, who says he is a brother of one of the late stewards of the *Waratah*, writes :—

> I think it is absolutely disgraceful that the Board of Trade should ever have passed the boat as fit for sea. They must have known perfectly well that she was top-heavy. Besides that, I have heard that she was overladen and that the engines were only experimental engines, which the engineer knew very little about.

Another correspondent, who had a brother-in-law on board, says :—

> It is the duty of the Board of Trade to hold a public enquiry on the matter.

A sailor of great experience writes :—

> One statement above all others appears to me to be remarkable, and might have some bearing on the ship's disappearance. "By 11 a.m., *a day before the advertised time*, the *Waratah* got alongside at Durban."
>
> Now, I presume the owners of the *Waratah* had a good idea of the ship's steaming powers and speed, from which, I take it, the schedule of sailings would be compiled. If so, it surely is strange that twenty-four hours should be gained in the run to Durban. Even with good weather it is rather a big slice to gain on the scheduled time. Presumably the ship was being driven. After leaving Durban she may have experienced bad weather, and if she was still being pushed along, therein might lie the answer to the ship's mysterious disappearance. I know from experience that when a ship is having heavy weather, the faster she is steaming the greater the rolling or pitching, and the more difficulty she has of recovering herself.
>
> It is often an open question to an officer on watch, when a ship is in head weather, either to keep the ship going and take the chance of carrying away some top-hamper and killing someone, or slow down and so delay the ship. In mail boats it is usual to keep her going full ahead.
>
> The owners' instructions are usually, "Use discretion, but don't delay the ship."

JERSEY JUSTICE.

We continue to receive illustrations of the remarkable character of Jersey justice. In December a young man and a lady took rooms at the Grand Hotel, St. Heliers, where they remained for nearly four weeks. All told the Bill amounted to £78, of which £30 had been paid on account. On leaving Mr. J—— was unable to pay the balance, wherefore the hotel manager allowed him to go, but arrested the lady. When the case came before the Court it "Confirmed the Arrest," which means that she will be kept in gaol as an ordinary prisoner for a year and a day unless she pays the balance due to the hotel and costs. We have nothing to say for a man who goes to a hotel, runs up a big bill, and when pay-day comes is unable to meet it. But why arrest the lady? She did not order the rooms. The bill was not made out to her. She gave no guarantee of payment. Is this a specimen of Jersey chivalry?

SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR CIGARS have had 12 gold medals awarded, price 3d. each.

MASSAGE.—Wanted, masseur to apply massage.

WANTED, man to teach a boys' brass band and supervise a steamroller.

TESTIMONIAL.—Lady writes: "Send me another pair of Corsets; have worn them for two years, and only had one bone broken."

WANTED, sit. by old photographer, wet or dry, inside or out.

ROOM WANTED by young man of respectable mien, as well as otherwise.

"A BOGUS VANDERBILT."

HOW THE BILLS WERE OBTAINED.

We have further information respecting the matters referred to under this head in our issues of January 15th and 22nd. The facts appear to be as follows :—

Mr. "Vanderbilt" got into touch with Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza, and became something of a *persona grata*. In Vienna, Prince Francis Joseph was Mr. "Vanderbilt's" guest at a dinner at which Count Apponyi was also present, and in turn the Prince introduced Mr. "Vanderbilt" to his family at Seebenstien. Sometime afterwards the Prince received a letter from "Vanderbilt" saying he would like to discuss a business proposition with the Prince if he would meet him in Berlin. The Prince went to Berlin and met "Vanderbilt" and two others. It was there that Mr. "Vanderbilt" showed the Prince a parcel of emeralds and induced him to buy them. These emeralds were said to come from the property of the Emerald Mines, Limited. The whole parcel in Mr. "Vanderbilt's" possession numbered 1,600, and of these the Prince was shown 1,016. The Prince bought the lot, giving for them prices ranging from £150 to £200. Afterwards the Prince consented to take 50,000 shares in a company about to be formed to deal with certain mining properties. For the emeralds and the shares the Prince accepted bills drawn by "Vanderbilt," and amounting in all to £325,000. The witness to the Prince's signature was Count Arco, an Attaché at Berlin.

We have said that the Prince was much taken with "Vanderbilt," and when the monetary transactions were concluded he left in "Vanderbilt's" custody most of the emeralds. "Vanderbilt" had asked him to give him a few for his wife, to which the Prince readily consented, and retaining four of the largest, he handed back the rest to "Vanderbilt." Why, we do not at present know. It may have been to have them set in London; but whether or no, they remained with "Vanderbilt."

Soon afterwards the Prince became uneasy and decided to put the whole transaction before Dr. Krenn, a well-known solicitor, of Spiegelgasse, Vienna, who is also the trustee appointed by the Court to look after the Prince's affairs, which are under curatel. The four emeralds kept by the Prince were also handed to Dr. Krenn, who at once requested eminent Viennese experts to report upon them, and they advised that they were more or less valueless imitations.

Upon this the Prince communicated with the persons concerned in this country, and his bills to the value of £125,000 were returned to him. The remainder of the bills, amounting to £200,000, and the emeralds, are in London. Communications were made to the Austrian Embassy upon the subject, and Scotland Yard is investigating the matter.

Our information is that the emeralds are what is known in the trade as "reconstructed" stones. A chemist in London has a secret process which is supposed to be able to remove flaws from stones, and to "reconstruct" them. What the value of the process may be we do not know, and of course there is no wrong done in selling the stones if only it is made plain that they are "reconstructed." But obviously if these were the kind of stones bought by the Prince, and represented as genuine, the sale cannot hold. This is the view of the Prince, who has taken all possible steps to make it known that the bills will not be met upon maturity.

We are told that a Midland firm has been disposed to discount the bills in the belief that they will be met at maturity by the Prince's friends. The firm would do well to make inquiries before discounting.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

January 26th.—BISHOP OF LONDON.

"I don't like Bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore."—*Disraeli.*

January 27th.—EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

. . . Lost
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness.—*Addison.*

January 28th.—REUBEN ARCHER TORREY.

Never have a mission.—*Dickens.*

WANTED, THE CAVEWOMAN.

By Mrs. James J. G. Pugh.

There is much to be said in favour of the early methods of man in his dealings with women. Tradition leads us to believe that woman was a contented, satisfactory being in the days when man annexed her whether she would or no, when he just seized her by the hair of her head if he liked the look of her, and dragged her home to his cave, clubbing her severely afterwards if she neglected her home duties. We may be sure that cave was comfortably kept, and the woman always in it when the man wanted her.

Despite the clubbing, her position was a good one. Woe betide the stranger-man who dared insult her, or intrude on her cave-privacy, or wrench from her a leg of bear or haunch of venison. The Cave-woman, squatting in her cave, could jeer and gibber at the whole world; she had always an efficient food-provider and protector. Unsheltered spinsters were unknown. The expense of keeping up a married home not being prohibitive in those days, a woman found herself conveyed to one as soon as she came along.

Very wisely, she kept chiefly at home. She was not highly educated, she had no voice in man's councils, but she had that sense to know that at home she was safe, and that if she took to far wandering in the woods to forage for herself or her children, stranger-man, busy seeking meat for his family, would give her no quarter, and her own husband, finding her there, poaching, might brain her on the spot and leave her as dinner for a mastodon or gorilla.

If we are to believe Jack London, and other authorities on the far past, the Cave-woman was a wife faithful unto death, a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, and, strangest thing of all, quite content to be merely that. *Autres temps autres maurs.* How changed from this excellent primeval type is the modern woman! She scorns to resemble a Cave-woman. She refuses to acknowledge the supremacy of man. She is deliberately embarking on a deplorable battle with him. One effect the conflict will certainly produce, is already producing—just what would have happened to the Cave-woman, ages ago, if in a mad longing for emancipation she had deserted her well-protected cave, and wandered by herself into the wild wood, a-hunting. Man, seeking with strenuous effort sustenance for his own family, and finding her encroaching on his preserves, will not, does not, treat her tenderly. The young man of the twentieth century is plainly beginning to feel memories of an antecedent life stir in his brain, he yearns vaguely for times primeval, he wants the Cave-woman back again. Almost unconsciously these whispers from the dear old Cave-world affect him, he is beginning to revert, to become just a wee bit primeval. He has ceased to humbly implore woman to be his wife, he leaves her to be what she is fitting herself for solely, a spinster. He knows she will never develop into a good Cave-woman. Unmated, unloving and unloved, he metaphorically speaking, roams the woods, seeking his own food, and he finds on his hunting ground the emancipated spinster, hunting the same game, by her express wish on equal terms, and—they race for it snarling.

Then the inevitable happens. The man, stronger, more enduring, possessing more foresight, more judgment, more coolness in emergency, wins the race. He seizes the quarry, feasts on the tit-bits, and the woman has—his leavings. And that is what she will always get if she fights man *as an equal* (oh, the irony of it!) in the battle of life—his leavings

Nor is it only the unmarried man who yearns for the Cave-woman. The married man, too, is beginning to long for that vanished type. Though it is very expensive to keep up, so expensive that the effort often wears him into the grave, his cave now is often comfortless. He would like when he comes home to find it the haunt of peace and familiar faces, a kind of sanctuary, but half his time he finds it occupied by strangers. One month Amanda opens the door to him, Rosamond brings tepid water to his dressing-room, Lily sends him a shamefully cooked dinner. Next month a fresh three perform these duties, a month later a charwoman "obliges" him.

He has no hope of better things in the future, for his wife, who is most anxious to have a vote, and feels herself perfectly qualified to manage the country, cannot manage servants. It is a fact that women cannot govern without irritating. The eternal servant difficulty, the quickly increasing unpopularity of female inspectors, the friction which invariably ensues when a woman is in power, prove it. Shakespeare tells us that man, drest in a little brief authority, makes angels weep. We are not in a position to deny or prove that statement, but woman so habilimented undoubtedly makes her subordinates weep. She can neither keep her head nor her temper when in command. She was fashioned to obey.

And the man knows it. Sometimes, when every maid is on the point of departing and his wife consequently is passing through a "nerve-storm," it is plain he longs to club the whole lot of them, and pines for the dear old Cave-woman, who managed things single-handed, and did not make the home a burden that nearly broke man's back.

Perhaps he would not mind so much the ever-changing procession of strange domestics if he were sure of one familiar face when he reached home, his wife's. But unlike his primeval ancestor, he rarely finds her at home. She is golfing, or ballooning, or playing bridge, or at her club. She returns very late for dinner, the fish has been forgotten, there is no dessert. Oh, she is very unsatisfactory, this modern development of the Cave-woman. The man feels the home he provides is little more to her than a hotel, and he himself no more than a living emporium, to which she goes when she wants clothes, jewels, money.

Personally, he has a great feeling for home, he cannot bear its assuming a hotel character. He doesn't like guests staying in it perpetually for week-ends, or going out of it himself perpetually for week-ends, and every other available holiday his wife can seize upon. I heard a man say pathetically, "The greatest treat to me would be a week at home. I hardly know what my home is like. Directly I get a holiday, my wife rushes me away. Do you know, I have never seen the daffodils bloom, or the peaches ripen, in my own garden?" Primeval longings were stirring in that man for the Cave-woman, the type which has so regrettably passed away.

Perhaps it is man's own fault he has lost her. He has ceased clubbing, a fatal mistake. A woman does not respect a man who is not her master, it is a truth old as the hills. And so by slow degrees she has degenerated, she is no longer a wife faithful unto death, she is failing in her very *raison d'être*, she is a bad, bad substitute for the Cave-woman. The world is getting flooded with self-assertive, career-seeking, flouting spinsters, uncomforted, homeless men. Things are in a miserable way.

Still the situation is not hopeless. Let men take up the club again. Let a band of them, with cave-longings, and nice simple primeval instincts, devote themselves to reinstating, with modifications, the old order of things. Let them insist on the revival of the old, simple, inexpensive cave-sanctuary; let them make it impossible to women to devote themselves to outside interests until they have graduated in the art of cave-keeping; let them, with the club if necessary, combine to put man back in his old place as master of the woman and sole provider of food, and this is *most* important, once any member of that band has secured his simple cave-sanctuary, and succeeded in placing therein the trained cave-keeping graduate he fancies, let him see to it that his club is always handy in the corner.

It is the only way to get back to the Cave-woman.

THE NORWICH TERRITORIALS.

A CORRECTION.

With reference to a statement in our last issue in which a correspondent stated that "when the King reviewed the Territorials at Norwich, the Artillery horses and men were regulars brought from Colchester," the Secretary of the 1st East Anglian Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, writes to us to say that it is untrue to say the drivers were regulars. The riding and driving so favourably commented upon were done by the men of the 1st East Anglian R.F.A., and Colonel Poock, Colonel Commanding, writes: "Every N.C.O., gunner and driver, mounted and dismounted, on that parade belonged to the local Territorial Field Artillery." We gladly publish this correction of our correspondent.

Our attention has been directed to the rules under which the workmen employed by G. H. Morton and Son, Ltd., Liverpool, work. Note Rule 10:—"All losses by error, accident, non-compliance with these rules, *and from any other cause*, must be made good by those who make them."

SPRING WEIGHING MACHINES.

WILL MR. CHURCHILL SEE TO IT?

We direct the attention of the President of the Board of Trade to the spring weighing machines that to the number of 3,000 are being used by grocers and others in different parts of the kingdom. The Dayton machine, as it is called, is an American invention, coming from Dayton—the home, by the way, of the National Cash Register—and is generally used in shops where the custom is mostly among the very poor. It seems that the custom has become common amongst this class of customers to ask for money's worth instead of weight at a price per lb. It is the duty of the Inspector of Weights and Measures to see that these scales are correct, it being "trade" within the meaning of the Weights and Measures Act provided that either a reference to a price per lb. or other denomination has been expressly mentioned, and must necessarily be implied from the circumstances surrounding the transaction. The machine is proved by springs at either end of a barrel, and has a ready reckoner arranged round the drum, which purports to give not only the weight, but the total cost of the goods purchased, and should show to the purchaser who has money's worth the exact weight he is entitled to for the amount stated.

But "springs," as Mr. Roberts, the great authority on weights and measures, says in his book, "have no pretension as to great accuracy," and, in fact, these machines are grossly unfair, for the most part, to the purchaser. We have before us an analysis of 352 purchases paid for according to indebtedness marked on the Dayton machines, and this analysis shows that in the case of 205 purchases of one ounce the shortage was, taking the average, ·457 oz.; 76 purchases showed overweight or an average of ·201 oz.; and 71 were correct, so that out of 352 purchases of one ounce no less than 205 were given weight only a trifle over half an ounce. And taking the price test, we have seen another analysis which shows that a person seeing an article marked 3½d. per lb., and asking for 1d. worth, receives 11.32 of a penny short in value, or 1.47 oz. short in weight on this money's worth transaction. When it is remembered that there are millions of purchases throughout the country fixed by the Dayton machine, it will be seen what a very serious matter it is to the purchaser belonging, as he does in most cases, to the poorest section of the community. It is true that in some cases the machines give over-weight, but that is no consolation to the 50 per cent. of purchasers who get under-weight.

There is nothing illegal in the use of these machines, but it is clearly the duty of the Inspectors of the Board of Trade to test the price scale before stamping the machine. The fact that a particular machine corresponds to the type and pattern sanctioned by the Board of Trade does not relieve the inspector of this duty. As it is, the instrument enables the seller to give short weight in a sale by price, and to shield himself behind the inspector's stamp. The truth is that spring-actuated ready reckoners are not to be relied upon, and it seems to us that until they can be, the Board of Trade should prohibit their use.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—LXXIV.

Will anyone help the old soldier who writes the enclosed to recover his medals? They were pawned for 10s.:—

> Excuse me taking the liberty of writing to you. The reason is I was stopped in Southampton Row by a gentleman, Mr. Walter V. More. He asked me several questions, and I told him all about myself, and he told me to send you the card he gave me, together with the pawn-ticket for my medals.
>
> I was in South Africa for two years and nine months, for which I received two medals, one with two and the other with six bars. I have also the Coronation medal.
>
> I have a wife and five children, and I work from 7.30 in the morning until 10 a.m., for which I receive 10s. a week, and out of that I have to pay 6s. 6d. a week for rent.
>
> I lose the medals this month if I cannot get them out. I should be very grateful for more work, no matter how small, to help fill in my spare time and to earn a little more money. I am several weeks behind in my rent. Trusting you will see your way clear to do something for me.

With reference to the writer of Human Document No. 72, we have received £1 each from A. D. and C. F. I., which has been forwarded.

With reference to the writer of Human Document No. 75, we have received 2s. from S. E. S., which has been forwarded.

THE "DAILY NEWS" AND ITS LEAFLETS.

HOW OUR CONTEMPORARY ANNEXED ANOTHER'S WORK.

As many of our readers know, the *Daily News* has been in the habit of publishing leaflets intended to influence voters. They are excellent leaflets, and we have no doubt they have done good service to the party they are intended to serve. But political service does not cover literary theft, a truth which the *Daily News* appears to appreciate but imperfectly. For example, Leaflet No. 84 is entitled "The Tied House Victim," and is a shameless plagiary of "An Open Letter to the Licensed Victuallers," written by Mr. Austen Smith, and his property. Let us compare the two:—

MR. SMITH'S PAMPHLET.	THE *Daily News* LEAFLET.
The additional taxes imposed by the last Conservative Government fell entirely on his (the retailer's) shoulders.	The additional taxes imposed by the last Conservative Government fell not on the brewer, but entirely on the retailer.
If this side wins, the retailer will still be where he has always been in the official Conservative mind—nowhere.	If the Tories win, the retailer will be where he has always been under brewers' dictated rule—nowhere.
The Liberal party has not taxed beer, but arranged taxation on spirits so that a larger profit is made than before.	The Liberal Government has not sought to tax beer, but has arranged that the taxation shall fall on spirits, whereby the retailer can make a larger profit than before.
Now there is not another class of trader who has more to dread by the taxation of food than the retailer. It is not the rich who keep the licensed victualler. His patrons are from the middle classes.	No class of trader has more to dread from the taxation of food than the retailer. It is not the rich who keep the licensed victualler. It is mainly the poor and middle class.

And so on, and so on. Mr. Smith thought himself aggrieved, and believing that it was only necessary to explain the matter to the Editor of the *Daily News* to have justice done him, he saw the Day Editor, Mr. Wilson Harris, on the Friday, who admitted that it was their duty to withdraw the leaflet, and said if Mr. Smith would call on Monday, he would tell him what had been done. On Monday the view had changed. Mr. Harris told him that he had had a conference with others, and they did not think that the "lifting" had been of sufficient extent to warrant them in withdrawing the leaflets from circulation, as they had already received a large number of orders for them. Mr. Smith said he considered it a gross injustice; that until the previous Saturday his pamphlet had been selling on an average over 2,000 daily; and that with the appearance of the *Daily News* leaflet it had dropped to 200, and was practically killed. But all that Mr. Smith could get the *Daily News* people to promise was a laudatory review of his pamphlet, which appeared next day.

Mr. Smith tells us that "the conference with others" meant conference with Mr. Cadbury and the Editor-in-Chief. The *Daily News* standard of ethics has long been a puzzle to us. We suggest to Mr. Smith that he should have the opinion of the High Court upon this latest illustration of it.

THE CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

When days are short and nights are long,
  And all the weather's cold,
The average man pretends he can
Discern he's growing old;
He growls about the season, and
  The snow and frost and rain,
And loudly prays for warmer days,
  When summer comes again.

Then, when the summer has arrived,
  And no more does he shiver,
He'll curse and storm, for it's too warm
  To suit his sluggish liver;
He says it's got a lot too hot,
  And sighs—alas, alack!
For those cold, crispy winter days,
  And longs to have them back!

RICARDO.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

In every big business house there is always one man who is sent for when some special information is wanted. This is "the man who knows." The man who knows is the man who succeeds in Business. Why should not YOU be that man?

The world makes room for the man who knows. In the Business world the man who knows is the man who succeeds; he carries all before him because he has confidence in himself and he has confidence in the information he is acting on. He knows it has led others to Business success, and he knows it is going to lead him to Business Success. And so he has no fears, he goes on from one step on the Business ladder to another, till he gets right there. The world makes room for the man who knows.

Why Not You?

Has it ever occurred to you that you yourself might just as well be "the man who knows"? The man who knows is no more born with this specialised Business knowledge than he is born knowing how to read. He made up his mind to acquire it, and he did acquire it.

And so may you. But how?

Perhaps you have never heard of "The Business Encyclopædia"? or perhaps you have heard of it and read of it, but have brushed the knowledge aside saying it did not concern you.

You never made a greater mistake in your life. Everything relating to business concerns you—your bread-and-butter depends on it. You cannot afford to neglect Business knowledge nowadays. You cannot afford to be inefficient.

The fact is, that the present condition of things in the Business world is one that has no parallel in the story of commerce. At no time in the history of the world was the fight so remorseless, the combat so keen, the issue so deadly.

During the last few years a new spirit has entered into Business life. The old weapons—sobriety, industry, punctuality, courtesy—of course, you need them. The young man standing on the threshold of his Business life especially needs them. But to-day he needs something more. He needs systematised Business knowledge. And if he has not got this, or he doesn't know where to get it, or, knowing, does not trouble himself about getting it, then inevitably, surely and swiftly, too, he gets crowded out. There is no room for the inefficient man in Business. There is no room for the inefficient man anywhere. He goes under. And "the man who knows" comes steadily to the top.

Now the question is "How are *you* going to make yourself efficient?" And the "Business Encyclopædia" is the answer. The "Business Encyclopædia" is

The Key to Business Success.

The shopkeeper finds it valuable because it helps him to get more business. The clerk finds it valuable because it helps him to get a better position. The office manager finds it valuable because it helps him to organise his staff and his work. The commercial traveller finds it valuable because it tells him things about his work, the best methods and the rules that apply to it, that he never knew before. If all these men find it valuable, what reason is there for your idea that it does not concern you? The greatest mistake any man can make is to think he can dispense with aids that successful men have found valuable. The reason these men have succeeded is because they did not disdain the Business Book that gives them the information that means Success in Business.

With the "Business Encyclopædia" at your elbow you can turn up any point of doubt or difficulty that presents itself for solution, in the course of the Business day. There are over 12,000 references on the Index. Do you not see that this means certain facility of reference?

From the "Business Encyclopædia" you can study a complete course of Book-keeping by single or double entry, you can teach yourself Accounting, and Auditing and Stocktaking, and all

The Higher Branches of a Clerk's Education

without paying heavy fees to attend wearisome classes, or leaving your own comfortable room in the evening.

Debt Collecting, County Court Business, Banking and Cheque-book difficulties, and all about Bills, Foreign Trade, Shipping, etc., etc.—no clerk who means to rise will willingly remain ignorant of these matters, even though at the moment they do not seem to immediately concern him and his present work.

The man who knows is the man who rises. If you do not know about Business, you are not able to seize a good chance when it comes your way. You never know when an opportunity is going to come your way in Business. The way to avoid missing it is always to be ready.

A Work for Every Business Man.

In the "Business Encyclopædia" you can learn everything that is to be learned about Advertising, and this information, like everything else in this great work, is written by an expert. National Advertising, Retail and Local Advertising, Business by Post Advertising are all dealt with. Much valuable information is paid to the arge field advertising offers to men of originality and ability, the three main channels of work being clearly explained, viz., the Advertising Expert, the Advertising Manager and the Advertising Agent.

In the "Business Encyclopædia" you can study such difficult subjects as Taxes, Insurance, Assurance, Contract, etc. You cannot get this information, which is written by a legal expert, anywhere but in the "Business Encyclopædia." This work stands alone as the only work published in England that deals with Business, Money and Trade, and that covers every aspect of these all-important subjects. The only way to become "the man who knows" is to own and use the "Business Encyclopædia." The only way to succeed in Business is to *know* all about Business.

Two Opinions.

1, MESSRS. J. S. FRY AND SONS, LTD., BRISTOL:—

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

2. A CLERK'S OPINION:—

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.:—"I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investent, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you *post free*. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

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THE ABERLOUR ORPHANAGE.

A PARENT'S COMPLAINT.

In reply to our paragraph of last week, we have received the following letter from a writer who had a child in the Orphanage :—

At a small village in Banffshire, N.B., a "Home for Orphan Children" has been in existence for thirty-two years, and is run by the Episcopal Church of Scotland, under the able, though rather imperious, management of an aged ecclesiastic named Canon Chas. Jupp. A sum of about £150,000 has been raised by this remarkable man for the development of his legitimate "hobby"; and his philanthropic effort to make provision for all sorts and conditions of illegitimate and motherless children has been backed up by all the nobility and gentry of Northern Britain. The Duke of Fife and the Princess Royal are "patrons"; the "Visitor" is the Bishop of Moray and Ross; while a large number of business men's names figure on the "Managing Committee" roll.

Dr. Ross, Architect, of Inverness, has "planned" a very ornate and extensive set of Cottage Home buildings—and, no doubt, given his services gratuitously, in keeping with the religious generosity of the money-givers throughout Episcopal Scotland.

The Orphanage Church is a conspicuous feature, and cost over £20,000. The services are rendered according to the highest ritual of the Church, vestments, light and incense adding dignity and beauty to the architectural environment.

From an extraneous point of view the "conditions" are ideal, but a rather more observant and inquisitive parent than the warden has been accustomed to deal with, unfortunately (?) showed an impertinent and quite uncalled-for interest in the noble work of the august founder, who is in his 81st year.

This meddlesome individual discovered a great many things!

He found out that the "Home" contained over 500 children, mostly drawn from the undesirable classes, and that they were under the control of only five matrons and a few raw girls, and that these matrons were solely ruled and ordered by the warden himself, who had somewhat "drastic" ideas, and enjoys absolutely autocratic power, uncontrolled, unsupervised, and untrammelled by extraneous influences.

Another well-informed correspondent writes :—

Canon Jupp is in his 80th year. He is a perfect miracle of a man, and the work he has done is beyond praise and beyond telling.

But perhaps he is too old, and the work is now beyond himself alone.

The worst complaints are :—

(1) The orphanage is understaffed.

(2) The food is too monotonous, and the porridge too heating for the children with delicate skins. All through the winter large numbers of children are covered with hideous sores.

(3) The place is rather dirty. My wife and mother in paying a visit once were warned to hold up their skirts carefully, as the floors were—well! well! well!

Canon Jupp is simply everything. He started the orphanage with two or three children (being childless himself), and the thing has simply grown from that beginning I do not think any man in the world has ever worked harder or better than Jupp. When he dies, no doubt the orphanage will pass to the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Some of the faults of the orphanage are conspicuous, but the merits are still more so. The pity is that while Jupp remains the pressure should be so persistent and severe. Perhaps it would be a graceful thing for him to resign, but untiring men of his disposition never think of that.

I can remember his jumping into the swimming bath (with his clothes on and whilst suffering from a severe cold) to save a boy who had got into difficulties out of his depth. I have seen him cutting out children's clothes, knitting girl's shawls, and even washing at the clothes-tub when the laundry maids were getting a little out of hand. I have known him attend to drains and water-pipes, and do every imaginable thing about the house.

A KINDLY VICAR.

We often say things not very complimentary to clergymen, but we are always glad to speak in another vein. We have just heard of a very kindly act on the part of Mr. Sinker, Vicar of St. Leonard's, Bromley-by-Bow. On Christmas Day Mr. Sinker visited the Depot of the Church Army at 116B, Bow Road, and handed to each of the poor devils there a packet of tobacco and a cigar. It was a kindly act, the more so that Mr. Sinker was his own almoner, for presents sent to the Army Authorities, and intended for the men, are apt to stray.

YOUNG MOORE'S MONTHLY PROPHECY.

FEBRUARY.

The horizontal parallax of the moon on the 1st will be 54′ 13″. This alarming phenomenon, coupled with the fact that there will be high water at London Bridge at 9 minutes past 6 in the morning, encourages me to predict that partridge and pheasant shooting will come to an abrupt termination.

On the 2nd there will be great grief and anxiety throughout Scotland, due in part to the sun's hourly variation of right ascension being 10·18 seconds, but more especially on account of that date being the Scottish quarter-day.

On the 8th, Mercury will be in conjunction with the moon at 8 minutes past 6 in the morning. Neither of those heavenly bodies are likely to suffer; but it may be assumed that their frivolous conduct will give rise to great activity in most of the kitchens throughout the land. The date in question being Shrove Tuesday, pancakes will be in the descendant and absorbant.

On the 14th, Venus being the evening star, and Saturn in conjunction with the moon, there will be much amorous correspondence between the youths of both sexes. Valentines will be in the expectant, and, in some cases, in the insultant.

On the 15th, a dire catastrophe is likely to occur. Mars will be in conjunction with the moon, the horizontal equatorial parallax of the sun will be at 8·9 seconds, and the moon will south at 3 minutes past 5 o'clock. The probable consequences of these unpropitious signs will be the meeting of the New Parliament. Many members will be in the exultant, party whips and leaders will be in the consultant, and the Irish party will be in the demonstrant.

On the 27th, Jupiter will be in conjunction with the moon. Hare-hunting consequently will end, and those swift and savoury animals, relieved of the terrors of the jug, will proceed at once to go mad in preparation for the following month, March.

The wind will be observed to blow in various directions during the month; Consols will fluctuate; and the voice of the John Bull League will be heard in the land.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pending the completion of various matters connected with the formation of the League—which had been somewhat interrupted by the General Election—it is desirable that branches should postpone arranging for public meetings, and should confine their attention to increasing the local membership.

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

For Fifty Readers who will, for a payment of TWO GUINEAS, devote their best endeavours, for one week, to pushing the Sale of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Next week we shall revive this scheme—reverting to the original plan of selecting, by ballot, FIFTY WORKERS, but INCREASING THE PAYMENT TO TWO GUINEAS. We have decided upon this course in consequence of representations from many readers to the effect that a guinea scarcely pays them for the work they are asked to do, and we feel that there is force in the contention.

FULL DETAILS OF THE SCHEME WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE PUBLISHING WORLD.

The CAXTON BALZAC.

The only complete edition of Balzac's works ever issued in English.

T. B. Burnham, Esq., Plaw-Hatch, East Grinstead:—

"I am very pleased with the Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works. The translations are the best I have so far seen. The binding is satisfactory, letterpress excellent, and the illustrations far above the average."

Hugh Thomson, Town Clerk, St. Andrews, N.B.:—

"My set of the Caxton Edition of Balzac was delivered on Saturday in capital condition, and I am delighted with it. The paper and printing are excellent, and the binding is very tasteful. Besides the pleasure of possessing such a book, I consider I have made a good investment."

John Lawson, Esq., Newmilns, Ayrshire:—

"I am well satisfied with the purchase. Binding is all that could be desired at the price, and the printing excellent. A nice margin at right hand and bottom of each page makes reading a pleasure."

A writer in *Truth* recently, while emphasising the importance of the publication of the Caxton Balzac—the only complete edition ever issued in English—pointed out that the reading people of these isles are only just awakening to the fact that there are around them vast fields of literature of which they have as yet gathered nothing. This great loss—from an intellectual point of view—is due to a very insular, but not unnatural, dread of translations, and of all that they so often imply. This dread vanishes before the excellence of translation that has been achieved in the Caxton Balzac. This rendering into English is skilled translation, the work of great scholars who are conversant with the subtleties of both languages, and so they avoid that coarseness that is so marked a feature of the cheaper and abridged editions.

It has been said that the work of Balzac has had more influence during the last one hundred years on the fiction of Europe than that of any other writer. It is certain that he stands head and shoulders over all novelists, supreme realist and visionary in one. The force and strength of passion of Balzac's stories are unapproachable. He had the gift of putting into half a dozen pages all the fire and stress which many writers, who are still great, cannot compass in a volume.

MR. ANDREW LANG writes:—

"It is impossible to enter on a detailed criticism of Balzac's novels. In them he scales every height and sounds every depth of human character. The qualities of Balzac are his extraordinary range of knowledge, sympathy, his steadfast determination to draw every line and shadow of his subject, and his keen analysis of character and conduct."

All the eighty-five novels that Balzac wrote in his twenty active working years are included in this unique Caxton edition.

Excellence, nay, perfection of translation, is not the only feature of the Caxton Balzac. The illustrations, of which a considerable number are fine etchings, printed from the copper plates, were the work of great French artists, and were undertaken in the true Gallic fashion, as a pure labour of love. The originals have been exhibited in the Paris Salon, and are supremely successful examples of "illustrations that really illustrate." Type, binding, and paper have all been specially chosen in a style befitting the definitive edition of a standard author. But it is the fact that this is the only complete edition issued in English that the publishers naturally desire to emphasise.

Dr. James Gordon, Ballyshannon:—

"The Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works, which I have just received, is beautifully bound, on fine paper, and with good printing. The translation is very well done. I would be greatly surprised if your edition was anything but a great success."

Herbert Carey, Esq., Secretary, Cheshire County Unionist Club, Altrincham:—

"I am delighted with the Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works. Considering the price, I think the edition is most excellent value. It leaves nothing to be desired in any way. I consider the Caxton Edition of Balzac the greatest feature of the publishing world that we have seen during the last quarter of a century."

C. C. Carpenter, Esq., Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.:—

"I am very pleased to have the complete set of Balzac's Works. I have now cleared out another edition, the place of which it has taken."

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a charming detailed prospectus containing interesting information about Balzac, his life, and his work, which will be sent post free to those who apply for it. It contains a full list of everything Balzac has written, and its arrangement in these volumes. It will also tell you all about this Caxton edition—the only complete and unexpurgated edition ever issued in English—and of the very easy terms on which it is supplied.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO.,
Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part:

Detailed prospectus of "The Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works," with terms of easy payments.

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.....

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull.")

By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton satirises recent Police Court proceedings.)

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.—REMARKABLE PROCEEDINGS.

A case of the utmost importance to the world of literature came on yesterday at Bow Bells Street, before Sir Robert de Rustem, senior magistrate of the Court. It was a charge against James Jim James, of the London Book Store, who appeared in answer to a summons calling upon him to show cause why three hundred copies of the "Works of William Shakespeare," which had been seized at his premises, should not be destroyed.

Mr. Brown prosecuted on behalf of the National Association of Busybodies; Mr. Smith defended.

Mr. Brown said that complaints having reached the Society he represented, the said Society, having nothing better to do, moved the police to make a sudden descent upon the premises of the London Book Store. As the business was of a delicate nature, only fully-matured and very respectable officers were told off for the duty, which was to seize a parcel of books then being brazenly offered for sale to an innocent and confiding public. The books in question were said to be the "Works of William Shakespeare," a writer who lived in the seventeenth century. Shakespeare was often said to be a wonderful man and a wonderful writer, and there was no doubt he had written one or two clever things, but there were passages in his productions which he ought not to have written. There could be no harm in these passages, however objectionable and obnoxious though they were, so long as they were only printed in the most expensive editions, to be read in the seclusion of a private library. With certain restrictions there would perhaps also be not much harm in allowing them to be perused by genuine students of literature; in fact, no objection had ever been raised to Shakespeare's works so long as they were kept quiet and only gloated over in secret. But the case became very different when a cheap edition was offered to the public. Was it to be endured that the man in the street should be able to buy such works as these at the price of sixpence per play? There were other editions in three or four volumes at one shilling each, and one publisher had actually issued the whole lot for a shilling. Here was corruption with a vengeance. Directly impropriety became cheap, it ought to be stopped, and counsel appealed to his worship to order the books which had been seized to be soaked in paraffin and burned by the police.

Mr. Brown proceeded to read some of the passages objected to. During this necessary but embarrassing interlude, the magistrate fanned himself with the charge sheet and ordered the windows to be opened and the Court to be cleared. The clerk and warrant-officers stopped their ears with cotton-wool, and even the hardened reporters blushed.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Brown said he understood his friend Mr. Smith, who represented the defendant, did not propose to resist the order.

The magistrate said he did not at all wonder that defendant had come to that conclusion. Shakespeare was looked on as a great classic, and was one of the greatest figures in the whole realm of literature, but he had certainly overstepped the bounds here and there.

Mr. Smith, for the defendant, said his client had never read the works of Shakespeare. It was his business to sell books, not to read them. He sold these volumes because other shops did so, and because they were to be obtained in public libraries, and he thought he was doing no harm. However, if the Court was of a contrary opinion, he was quite prepared to bow to that decision. He wished to urge that the poet whose writings were the subject of the present charge was often quoted by public speakers and divines, though he would admit that the quotations he had heard made on the platform and in the pulpit were not the passages cited by his learned friend. He only mentioned this as a plea in mitigation.

The Magistrate said he must totally disagree with counsel for the defence. Such things as had been read should only be included in expensive editions and perused by the select few. It was when they were obtainable at a cheap rate that the mischief was done. He had no hesitation in making an order for the destruction of the books, and the payment of five guineas costs.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

Mr. Justice Grantham must have been in a very chirpy and a very chippy mood the other day, when he declined to allow a case in his list to stand out on the ground that the parties were not ready for trial. The result was that having no alternative before them, they came to terms. We daresay his Lordship thought he would teach the lesson that the slow march of Justice in the Royal Courts is not the fault or defect of the poor overworked judges, who put in 25 hours a week. But for one case where the judges have to wait a few days for the litigants, there are dozens where the litigants have to wait several months for the judges.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

As an instance of the working of the law in regard to "imprisonment for debt," the experience of Judge Rentoul, in the City of London Court, should be carefully considered. The judge says that he has "made 490 committal orders during the year, of which 349 were issued, and that out of these, fourteen men went to prison, which showed that fourteen orders were improperly made, because imprisonment for debt was not allowed in England. Each of these fourteen men was wrongly sent to prison." To put it another way, 335 people did not go to prison because they were able to pay, and fourteen went to prison because they were unable to pay. In the technical sense of the law, only those who can pay and won't—and therefore commit a contempt of court—and not those who can't pay if they would, are sent to prison. Judge Rentoul is evidently so impressed with these illegal imprisonments that he has determined to fall into line with other County Court judges by refusing to make committal orders except upon very strict evidence of means, which is as it should be.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Lost Property.—Sturgess.—Your only course is to get a copy of the original will from Somerset House. You can obtain it if you write and give dates, names, etc., and remit the amount which they will tell you it will cost.

Leaseholder's Obligations.—Ishmael.—If you have the house for seven years the owner can bind you to the contract and can sue for the rent as it falls due. Your best course is to let it, if the landlord will not take it off your hands.

Rates on Cottages.—Baraka.—The law clearly states that if by 5th June the owner does not pay all the rates due up to the preceding 5th January he forfeits the discounts allowable for compounding. The overseers were right. You should pay the rates in future when they fall due.

Wife's Claim to Monies on Death of Husband.—Robert.—If your wife was married as Ethel instead of Eliza it would make no difference, as she would merely declare that she was the same person.

Gladstone Bag.—13 M. R.—Your only course is to bring an action for the value of the bag. If the man is within the Metropolitan police district, you could get a police court summons to require him to deliver up the bag itself.

Breach of Engagement to Employ.—Fairplay.—The young lady having entered into a contract with the employer, can bring an action for damages for breach of it.

The United Legal and Indemnity Insurance Co.—S. S.—The answer to your question depends upon matters of fact, as to which we have not the material to express an opinion. Assuming your statement to be correct as to the screw through the ladder to secure the loose rung, and the refusal of the company to pay, resting on your action in this matter, a very nice point of law would be raised which, if fought, might lead to long and costly litigation.

Insurable Interest.—W. F. C. (London).—Your mother was entitled to insure your father's life, since a wife has this right provided she is dependent upon her husband for support. Ties of blood are not sufficient in themselves to create an insurable interest. A person may not insure his life in his own name and assign the policy to another who pays the premium, and for whose benefit the policy was intended. Policy (Warrington).—The insurable interest need not be a continuing one, it being deemed sufficient if it existed at the time of effecting insurance. At that time you certainly had an interest in the life to which you refer. Augusta (Pendleton).—The agent has misled you. There is no insurable interest.

Bite by Dog.—H. 17.—Unless you can prove that the owner knew that the dog was a vicious one, and had bitten other people, you have no claim on him.

Legitimacy of Child.—R. H. (Munich).—Under British law the child is illegitimate, and she cannot do anything to make herself legitimate. In some countries the subsequent marriage of the parents makes the children legitimate, but not in the case of English subjects.

Suspension of Employee.—Justice.—The employer cannot legally charge the suspended servant with the cost of employing a substitute.

Distress for Rent.—Nigo.—If the warrant of distress was not signed by the owner or by his authorised agent, it was void and the distress was illegal. The warrant, if legal, can be enforced for the actual sum due, even though it is made out for more.

Landlord's Rights.—J. W.—The landlord is entitled to enter for the purpose of inspecting as to repairs. The liability for repair of fence depends on the lease, and we cannot say who is liable.

Arrest.—E. G.—The police were within their rights in bursting open the doors.

Interest.—Exact.—The firm is not entitled to demand interest unless there is a distinct agreement to pay it, but as the monies are lent we see no reason why the interest should not be paid.

Sunday Trading.—Lincoln.—If they convict a man for Sunday trading, the justices can impose a fine and costs as suggested. There is no appeal in such a case as you give.

Blind Child.—L. A. B.—From the hospital statements we gather that the opinion is that the child's blindness was caused by the negligence of the doctor in attendance. It would be useless for you to bring an action, as you could not get evidence in proof of the case. Doctors hang together, and will not give evidence that would ruin a fellow doctor's reputation. There is not that wholesome criticism of one another in the medical profession that exists with solicitors, for instance, and whilst the profession's best men often condemn the incompetence of the general practitioners, there is no way of preventing an incompetent man continuing to practice, and actions for negligence are rarely successful.

Games in Clubs.—R. H. (Glasgow).—All games of chance at cards are illegal in clubs.

"JOHN BULL" says:—

"... It has always been the firm's boast that better value can be obtained from them than from anyone else. ..... We can quite understand their claim—nay, more, we can heartily endorse it."

("JOHN BULL," July 31, 1909.)

"JOHN BULL" were then speaking of the

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS

To Sir Robert Cranston.

GALLANT SIR,—You are, indeed, a broth of a politician, and I must confess I am attracted by the frankness of your ignorance. Speaking at Newhaven fish market the other day, you actually asserted that the tax on fish landed in Germany was not paid by the consumer. But you had not the courage of your stupidity when you were further asked: "Who pays the duty on a suit of clothes going from this country to America?" If the German consumer of imported fish does not pay the duty on the fish, surely the American importer of clothes is in the same position? But the best you would confess was that you thought "the American would have more money to pay for the suit." Fighting is evidently more in your line than politics, for I notice that when your audience was on the point of coming to blows, you gallantly announced that if there was to be any striking you would come down and do it. Why didn't you?

JOHN BULL.

To Newton Brady, Esq., R.M., and John Gilfender, Esq., J.P., Belfast.

GENTLEMEN,—In the City Summons Court of Belfast, a driver named Adams has been before you on a charge of cruelty to a horse. The brute loaded his cart to such an extent that the horse was unable to draw it. He then beat the animal about the head with the handle of a pickaxe and with the back of a shovel, until it dropped down exhausted, and subsequently died. Though your opinion of this revolting savagery was shown in your comment that it was "the worst case the magistrates had ever heard," you let off the defendant with a month's imprisonment; yet, a few days previously, in the same Court, a man was sent to gaol for three months for stealing 5½d. worth of tobacco. Surely the judicial balances in the City Summons Court have gone awry. Adjust them without delay.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Francis Landsdown, Oxford Street Congregational Chapel, Leicester.

REVEREND SIR,—The New Year is usually supposed to form part of the festive season, when we cherish feelings of goodwill and general kindness. You, however, seem to regard it as an excellent opportunity for insulting the dead. I have read your address on the "Distinguished Dead of 1909," and do not congratulate you. No doubt, the late King of the Belgians was not precisely a saint or a hero, and I admit that moral lessons were to be derived from the shortcomings of his career. But I hesitate to believe that you will find it easy to reconcile the violence of your language with the ordinary canons of Christian charity. Let me recite some of your gems. You pointed out that when an operation was performed, there was a good deal of *fear* lest it might be successful, but you added that you were glad to tell your congregation that King Leopold was dead. Now, assuming the very worst about his late Majesty, I put it to you that your attitude is theologically unsound. A good minister should not wish the death of a bad man, but rather that his days may be prolonged until he is led to repentance. I thought it was the province of all ministers to rescue sinners from eternal damnation, not to climb into a pulpit and rejoice that "a wretch has gone, and the civilised world says, 'A good riddance.'" And if you will pardon me, I submit that you were guilty at least of exaggeration when you said that "there was nothing in history or in fiction to compare with the wickedness and crimes of the man." I am afraid your studies of history and of fiction must be limited, otherwise the only alternative remains that your hatred of evil does not include the discouragement of deliberate falsehood. To be personal for once, I should very much like to know what is to be done with curmudgeons like yourself. Can nothing be prescribed to replace the acidity of your mind with a little of the milk of human kindness? Meanwhile, I should like to give you a bowl of steaming punch and a good cigar, and have a little talk with you while you were still under their influence. I should not despair of convincing you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To J. Brockhouse, Esq., Mayor, West Bromwich.

DEAR J.,—As Returning Officer in a contested election, you know, or ought to know, that you have no business to take sides, and that in issuing a statement in favour of the policy of one of the parties, you didn't play the game. I am informed that a protest against your action is to be made in the Town Council, and I shall not be surprised if you get as good a trouncing as you deserve. In any case, I think your apology should be handsome.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Jessie Braithwaite, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park.

MADAME,—From the evidence you gave at an inquest on the body of Captain Robert Donne, an ex-officer of the Dragoon Guards, who died at Hans Crescent, Chelsea, I notice that you are a "Christian Science practitioner," that you attended Captain Donne for seven years, that your treatment consisted of a form of prayer, and that you were paid one guinea a week for your services. From all this I gather that your professional occupation must be more profitable than practical. That you should have been paid a guinea a week for your prayers when those of a multitude of clergy could have been obtained for nothing, can be explained only on the assumption of Christian Scientists, that though a clergyman's prayers can be obtained for nothing, that is as much as they are worth.

In the course of your evidence, you hazarded the opinion that a broken leg could be healed by prayer, though, doubtless, you made that statement with the mental reservation that the prayers should be bought and paid for at the rate current in the faith-healing market of Clarence Terrace. Faith may move mountains, but experience proves that it has never yet mended a broken limb. The Christian Science you and others profess, is the science of doing nothing; the science of letting the sufferer suffer. Innumerable inquests prove that it is responsible for the loss of many human lives. In a word, it is sincerity in the grip of humbug, and often faith in the toils of imposition.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Lewis D. Thomas, Vicar of St. John's, Plumstead.

REVEREND SIR,—On several occasions recently, I have had serious occasion to notice the disreputable irreverence which has characterised the political utterances of certain clergymen and ministers, in their appeal to political opinion in the country. To drag the name of the Almighty into the conflict of parties striving for Parliamentary supremacy, is an outrage on every man and every woman to whom religion, whatever else it may mean, is a sacred thing. To them, sir, your announcement of a "Special thanksgiving service to Almighty God for the timely deliverance of Woolwich and Plumstead from the hands of the Socialists and Sabbath-breakers," and of the singing of the *Te Deum* on this auspicious occasion, was an odious affront to the religious sanctities. The cant which, by the voice of a priest of Plumstead, proclaims Providence as the leader of the Tory party, is not a whit less sickening than that which, by special revelation of the ecclesiastic conscience, proclaims Him as the leader of the Liberal party. It is a deplorable indecency of political controversy. We expect the appointed guardians of our souls to strive to make us better worth our gift of life, by setting us high example in the sanctuaries. This *Te Deum* service, sir, would have profaned your Church, and if the idea has assured you notoriety, it has gained you unenviable discredit. In your place I should feel my office degraded alike by what I had lost and by what I had won. I raise my hat to the Bishop who stopped the performance.

JOHN BULL.

To T. J. Leavey, Esq., Chairman, Urban Council, Leatherhead.

SIR,—I have information which, supposing it to be true, points to the fact that the Council of which you are Chairman have lent themselves to the perpetration of a flagrant job. It is that a committee advertised for a collector of rates, that applications were received from several local men recently, or at present, in the service of the Council and possessing such excellent qualifications for the post that the Council could not have done wrong in selecting any one of them, and that nevertheless, by five votes to four, the Council appointed one of their own members, a Mr. Ludford, and that Mr. Ludford made up the majority of one, by voting for himself. I shall be glad to be informed as to the accuracy of these allegations. You will see, sir, that when once it is known in Leatherhead that election to the Urban Council gives a member the right of appointing himself to the first good official salary that happens to be going, there will be so many candidates on offer that the returning officer will have to increase the size of the ballot papers to accommodate their names. Trusting you are all well, and hopeful of a prosperous New Year,

JOHN BULL.

Editor, "Standard," London.

Where *did* you catch "sight" of that South Hackney defeat?

BULL.

Maddison, ex-M.P., Burnley.

You will now be able to give Government benefit of your "independence," rather than your "support." Do you remember the phrase?

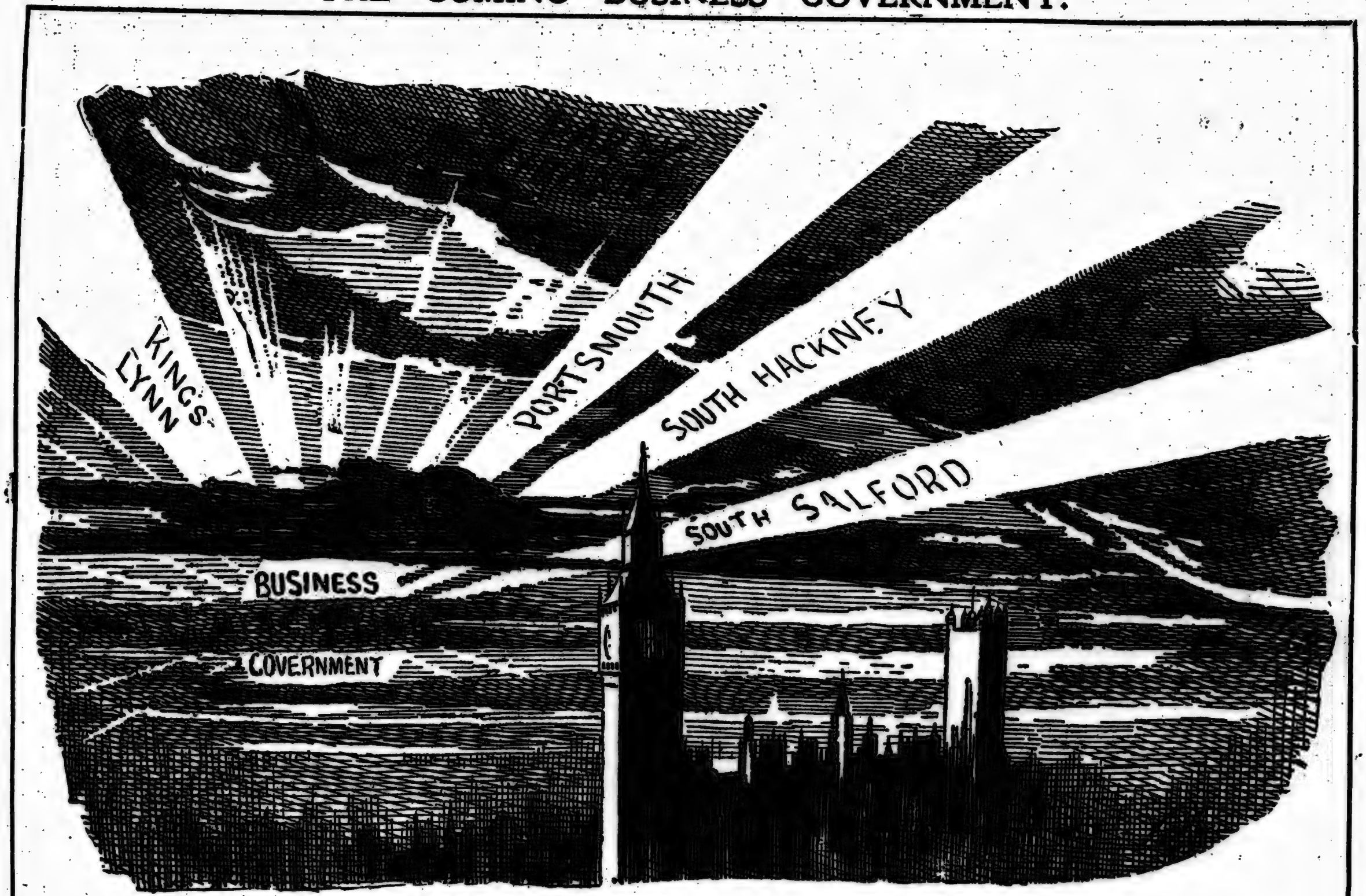
BULL.

Grayson, Colne Valley.

Hurry back, if only for sake of the Kitchen Committee. No profit on bread-and-milk.

BULL.

THE COMING BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.



THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

HOME POLITICS *v.* CHEAP MONEY IN HOME SECURITIES.—KAFFIR, WEST AFRICAN AND RHODESIAN MINES BOUND TO IMPROVE—RUBBERS BOOMING—THE YANKEE COLLAPSE.

Home politics continue the uncertain factor in the position of the Stock Markets, and it remains to be seen what the Liberal Government, with a reduced majority and the support of the Irish Nationalists, will accomplish. I do not see much hope for *Consols* and other gilt-edged securities during the period of wrangling which will set in, and while such great tasks as the nationalisation of railways can hardly be undertaken in the present state of parties, I do not look for any permanent advance in *Home Rails*. It is true that the dividend outlook is favourable, as instanced by the *Great Eastern* announcement at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, an indication of the advantages of co-operation. Amongst other Home securities *Brewery* stocks might benefit if the Irish party, true to their original protests, were to insist upon the elimination of the licensing clauses from the Budget. But I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion that the present year's most active and lucrative business on the Stock Exchange will be transacted in *Kaffirs, West African* and *Rhodesian Mines and Rubber* shares. *Foreign Rails*, too, will no doubt be patronised by speculators, and I should not be surprised if the various Spanish American stocks still in default, such as *Guatemala, Costa Rica* and *Honduras*, were to settle up with their foreign creditors under American auspices. *Perus* are bound to improve once they are introduced on the Paris Bourse after the Government loan has been floated there. As to the Yankee market it has suffered another shake-out, and thus in every way justified my emphatic advice to leave it severely alone. The collapse of the *Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron* stock knocked several large Wall Street firms over, and *Rock Island* was depressed at one time to 40⅛ (recovering to 45). Now the "bears" are being squeezed, steels being hoisted again by talk of increased dividends. But those who are tempted to speculate in Yankees should not forget that *Union Pacifics* touched 226 last year and dropped last week to 197. Heavy differences have to be paid this settlement, but fortunately the speculative account open for Home operators is very small. Cheap money seems to be assured for some time to come, and rates are so low already that withdrawals of sovereigns from the Bank for Paris to repay last year's advances have been arranged without at all affecting call-rates. This is a state of things which will greatly encourage speculation once the elections are out of the way.

SOME GOOD INVESTMENTS.

I shall here mention merely some investments of the moment. The London Bank dividends have now all been declared, although we have yet to hear the views of leading Bank authorities at the meetings of such great institutions as the Union and Smith's Bank, London County and Westminster and London City and Midland. The only disappointments are the reductions of Lloyds Bank and Barclay's. On the basis of the distributions for 1909, *London County and Westminster* at 22½ yield £4 9s. per cent., *London City and Midland* at 50½ returning £4 9s. 9d., *Parr's Bank* at 44 £4 11s., *Union of London and Smith's Bank* £4 14s. 9d. per cent. per annum, and all these shares are good investments. By the way, I take it as a compliment that one of my most accomplished *confrères* now recommends at 100 the *Mexican Southern Ordinary* stock (now a rent charge of the Interoceanic of Mexico) which I have been mentioning to readers of JOHN BULL ever since 18th December last, from 93 upwards. He moreover places its intrinsic value at 127½. *Beira Railway* 4½ per cent. Debentures at 95 are excellent value, as there is every prospect of holders securing the arrears of interest of £13 10s. within two years in addition to the annual 4½ per cent. During the last eight months the net traffic receipts were £161,400, or £50,000 more than the monthly average of £13,400 required to pay the 4½ per cent. And, by the way, Beira Railway Ordinary shares, in view of the remarkable progress of the line, are at 14s. a very attractive speculative lock-up.

RUBBER AND RUBBER SHARES BOOMING AGAIN—HIGH-CLASS SHARES BUOYANT—WEST JEQUIE LARGELY OVER-SUBSCRIBED.

The demand for crude Rubber is waking up again, and the "bears," who had depressed fine hard Para to 7s. 5d., are climbing in at 8s., while Plantation Rubber is advancing on the last Mincing Lane auction prices, being quoted 8s. to 8s. 11d. The fact is that consumption is increasing, while the supply is so far inelastic, and if this state of affairs continues the high prices for Rubber will apparently last until the larger yields of the Plantations of 1911 are marketed. In the meantime, amongst the shares recommended by me on December 11, *Anglo-Malay* are up from 14s. 3d. to 18s. 6d., *Golden Hope* from 3⅛ to 4⅜, *Kuala Lumpur* from 4½ to 6¼, *Linggi Plantation* from 24s. 6d. to 30s. 6d., *London Asiatic* from 2⅛ to 4⅞, *Pataling* from 24s. to 33s., *Vallambrossa* from 23s. 6d. to 28s. 9d., *Cicely Ord.* from 25s. to 30s. 6d., *Straits Bertam*, which I recommended at 33s. 6d., have risen to 59s. 6d., and now these £1 shares are to be split into 10 shares of 2s. each, which will further enhance their price. *Chersonese Options* are still to be recommended, although now quoted 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d., but they are cheap against the shares at 3s. to 3s. 3d., as they confer the right to call these shares until August, 1912, thus reducing the risk greatly. The *West Jequié* issue proves to have been an enormous success, 298 subscribers receiving on an average about 2½ per cent., while subscriptions were returned to 561—representing 734,511 shares—more applications. The shares are therefore very scarce, and have advanced to 5s. for special settlement, while *Jequié Syndicate* have further advanced to 12s. 6d.

KAFFIR SHARES STRONG—FURTHER RISE IN NEW MODDERFONTEIN AND OTHER FAR EASTERN SHARES.

The tone of the Kaffir Circus has been remarkably strong, but the demand has more particularly turned upon the various Modderfontein shares on the Far Eastern Rand, to which I drew particular attention last week. Amongst these *New Modderfonteins* are again up ⅝ to 12 9-16, while *Modder Deep* have risen to 2⅛, *Modder B* to 3 5-16. The latest development is that returns of 30z. to the ton are being obtained on the Eastern boundary of Modderfontein, raising the value of the entire development 8½dwts. This has set the whole of the Far Eastern Rand going, and the following table will therefore prove useful :—

FAR EASTERN MINES.

	Capital Issued. £	Highest, 1909.	Lowest, 1909.	Present Price.
New Modderfontein (£4)	1,200,000	14	10⅜	12 9-16
Modder Deep	90,000	4⅜	1⅛	2⅛
East Rand Extension	146,500	2 7-16	2⅛	1⅝
Modderfontein B	600,000	3 13-16	2¼	3 5-16
Brakpan	628,514	3⅝	2 3-16	3 1-16
Cinderella Deep	500,000	57/-	41/3	2⅜
Van Dyk	500,000	1⅝	⅜	1 3-16
Cloverfield	295,000	2⅜	1⅛	1⅜
Boksburg	625,000	1⅜	1 1-16	1 1-16
East Rand Mining	400,000	1⅜	1⅛	1⅛
Geduld	690,100	3⅜	2⅜	2⅞
Welgedacht	104,500	5⅜	2⅜	3⅛
Rand Collieries	505,000	2⅜	1⅛	1 11-16
Apex	200,000	7	3⅜	4 9-16
Transvaal Coal	500,000	3	1⅜	2 1-16
Transvaal Cons. Land	971,214	3⅜	2⅜	3 3-16
Daggafontein Gold	411,507	1⅜	⅜	⅝
New British Transvaal (5s.)	25,107	5s.	3s. 9d.	4s. 9d.

The cheapest of these are still *East Rand Mining Estates, Rand Collieries, Daggafontein* and *Cinderella Deeps*. The last named will be the absorbing Company of most important additional properties, and the price should go at least to 3 or 3½. *General Mining and Finance*—the parent Company—are also doing remarkably well and the shares are quoted at 2⅜. The new Company under Barnato auspices to acquire the two blocks of *Modderfontein Government leases* will not be issued for another three weeks yet.

A PAUSE IN JUNGLES—RHODESIANS STILL IRREGULAR—MEXICAN GOLD MINES AND LATEST NEWS.

We have again one of the temporary pauses in the Jungle Market. The chief advantage of these is that the wild cat mines, which I pointed out last week, are returning to their previous obscurity, from which they should not emerge again until the dense scrub with which the properties are covered is removed and some exploration work has been carried out. The directors' reports of the *Abosso* and *Taquah Exploration* were not such as to enthuse holders of the shares, but the news of a coming amalgamation of the *Prestea Block "A," Prestea Mines, Abbontiakoon*, and possibly of the *Prestea Mines'* dependency, the *Anfargah*, is promising. Rhodesians are not flourishing apart from *Globe and Phœnix*, and with regard to these, the rumour was finally set about that the ore contained too much antimony for treatment. Chartered remain at 1⅛, and it will require a strong effort to lift these or *Tanks*, which are quoted at 6 1-32. Eventually these will, no doubt, improve, but it will take time. *Copper* and *Copper Mines* are moving fitfully and are swayed by every movement of American Rails in Wall Street. *Mexican Mines of El Oro* have advanced to 8⅜, but the market was kept in ignorance of the news that prompted the rise. It is to be regretted that in this group that very objectionable feature prevails, that important news leaks out long before the shareholders are advised.

NEW ISSUES.

Quite a number of important loans are about to be issued, amongst which is a Bulgarian Loan, a portion of which, about a million, is to be floated in London. Then there are an Austro-Hungarian Loan and a Siamese Loan looming ahead, and Messrs. Speyer will make a Lackawanna Steel issue, while the National Bank of Scotland will be the issuing house of a City of St. Louis Loan.

The Siak (Sumatra) Rubber Estates, Limited.—With a capital of £75,000, in £1 shares, this company has been formed to acquire the Siak Rubber Estates, comprising an area of 17,290 English acres in Sumatra. So far only 639 acres have been planted with rubber, but unfortunately the largest quantity has only been planted about twelve or fifteen months.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this Journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

RUBBER COMPANIES.—TREBOR.—The addresses and capitals of the companies enquired for are as follows:—Highlands and Lowlands (paid-up capital, £276,047), 38, Eastcheap, London, E.C.; Sumatra Para (capital £21,349), 30, Mincing Lane, E.C.; Jequié Syndicate (capital issued £21,000), 30, Mincing Lane, E.C. The secretaries should give you any further information, and the address you require has been forwarded in your envelope

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—G. A. (Wallingford).—As frequently stated, I never recommend outside brokers, and few are reliable, as you will have found out yourself. I am sending you the address of a member of the Stock Exchange, whom you can thoroughly trust. PENARTH.—You must be aware, after all that has happened, that in dealing with such outside brokers as the four mentioned, you are playing with fire. What you require has been forwarded to you.

PREMIUM BONDS.—W. H. M.—In accordance with your request, I am sending you the address of the foreign banker in question in your envelope. S. W. W.—As requested, the addresses of a stockbroker and foreign banker, the latter making a speciality of Premium Bonds, have been forwarded to you. ENQUIRER (Johnston, N.B.)—These Bonds are genuine enough. If you wish it, and send a stamped envelope, I will send you the name and address of a London firm of foreign bankers, who make a speciality of this business, and will charge you only market prices.

LONDON COUNTY 3½ PER CENT.—MERTON.—This stock is now quoted at 103½, and there is always a market in which to sell. You should buy these through a member of the Stock Exchange, whose address I am forwarding to you, and who could also resell them for you when required. The stock is quite safe.

YANKEE RAILS.—DOUBTFUL (Nottingham).—This is what you are always exposed to when dealing with outside brokers, and if there should be a good profit, you will not get the money. I strongly advise you to deal through members of the Stock Exchange; and, as requested, I send you the name and address of a thoroughly respectable firm.

DEALING IN OPTIONS.—E. S. S.—(1) It is quite out of the question to deal in Options for so small an amount as £2. (2 and 3) Doubtful outside brokers. I send you the name and address of a firm of brokers, members of the Stock Exchange, who will be pleased to do your business

WEST END BUILDING SOCIETY.—MERLIN.—This certainly does not look promising, and your relative certainly should not put more money into this concern. It would be preferable to invest in sound securities to return 4 per cent.

PRESTEA MINES.—W. S., JUNR.—Prestea Mines, at present quoted 9s. 9d., are very promising, and what you require has been forwarded to you. It will not be necessary to pay until the pay-day, and until you receive the account.

HOUSE STOCKBROKER.—W. G. H.—What you require has been forwarded to you. C. W. D. (Upper Norwood).—As requested, I send you the address you require. There will be no difficulty in disposing of Liptons Ordinary. SERMON. The address you require has been forwarded to you, and you will receive every advice and guidance. There will be no difficulty in buying with the margin you mention. (1 and 2) Yes. (3) The prices on the Stock Exchange include the jobbers' turn. The lowest price is that at which the jobber will buy, the highest at which he sells, but a reliable stockbroker often gets on at middle prices. (4) Rink shares are very difficult to sell. (5) This was all right in the case you mention, but it is far too risky generally, especially as Rinks and Electric Theatres have been a craze, which is not likely to last long. (6) Outside brokers, with whom you ought to have nothing to do.

INCOME TAX AND INVESTMENTS.—TEL-EL-KEBIR.—You certainly cannot avoid this payment of income tax, which you will have to claim back from the Inland Revenue Department. (2) The best thing is to put the money into sound securities yielding 3½ to 4 per cent. (3) Many thanks for kind sentiments.

CONSOLS.—A. G. H.—No, I do not think that Consols are on the rise. On the contrary, they are likely to fall.

DEALING IN YANKEES.—UNION.—From your question, you are apparently not aware that the chief market for American Rails is in London, and that Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow are entirely dependent upon dealings here. You should, therefore, deal only with members of the London Stock Exchange, and the outside brokers you mention you had better leave alone. You should be guided by the stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, whose name I have forwarded, but it is dangerous dealing just now in that market.

FAMATINA DEVELOPMENT.—BONUM.—I have always taken the view that those connected with this concern have been over sanguine, and there has been far too much promise without fulfilment. I understand your position, having bought so largely and consistently, and I do not like to advise you to sell, as there is always the chance of a turn in the tide in mining matters.

GRAND TRUNK GUARANTEED.—CRUACH (Islay).—The prospects of the Grand Trunk for the present year are improving, and you should hold the stock, the more so as the Guaranteed is quite safe, and may recover in capital value.

TULKETH SPINNING COMPANY.—NOVICE.—This concern is not known here, nor are the shares dealt in in London. As you have the company's address, you had better write to the secretary, who would probably be able to negotiate a sale.

BANK DEPOSIT.—The small banking concern you enquire about has been established a good many years, and has always paid up, but high rates of deposit are not compatible with safety, and I cannot advise your placing all your savings there. You had better invest in sound securities, if you do not wish to leave the money at the Post Office.

SELECTION OF SECURITIES.—PLYMOTHIAN.—In securities of the gilt-edged class you cannot get a yield of much more than 3½ per cent. In this class, the new India 3½ per Cent. stock, issued at 96½, and obtainable at about par, is the pick of the bunch, but Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at 97½, are also attractive. In the 4 to 5 per cent. dividend-yielding category come, for instance, Argentine 5 per Cent. 1886-7 Loan at 103, Brazilian 5 per Cent. Funding Bonds at 103½, and Japanese 4 per Cent. Sterling Loan at 98. The 3 per Cent. Preferred Ordinary stocks of the Caledonian and North British might also be mixed with your investments to a moderate extent.

LIBERIAN DEVELOPMENT.—HAM, X.—I am very pleased that you agree about the Business Government. Liberian Development have been very disappointing. The company has a large concession of mineral rights from the Liberian Government, but has not effected anything yet. The price is 5s.

PRESTEA MINES, ETC.—TRUST.—(1) You should hold Prestea Mines, but take a fair profit on the other shares. (2) Personally, I should prefer investment in sound securities. (3) An outside firm, whose reputation is by no means of the best. Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange.

MAYBLOSSOMS.—L. B. (Bridport).—(1) Present price about 5s. 3d. (2) These may be given a fresh run when the demand for Rhodesians turns from the higher-priced shares into the cheaper descriptions.

CASTLEIGH MINES, PHŒNIX.—W. J. H. W. (Merthyr Tydvil).—I regret that no information is available here through the usual sources regarding either of these companies.

£1,000 FOR INVESTMENT.—EDINA.—(1) You should spread the £1,000 in question over the stocks mentioned in reply to "Plymothian," above. (2) A prosperous enterprise, but, as you say, the stock is not easily negotiable. (3) Take an opportunity to sell.

AXIM AND TARKWAS.—ARNO.—These mining shares are a low-priced West African gamble, but I do not recommend them to be bought through the people in question. If you wish it, and send a stamped addressed envelope, I will be pleased to forward you the address of a reliable firm—members of the Stock Exchange.

ARIZONA COPPER CHIEF.—This copper concern has had a very chequered career, and it is more than doubtful whether it will ever do any good. There is no quotation for the shares, the value of which is problematical.

BUTTE COPPER SHARES.—LEX.—There is, unfortunately, no information whatever available here regarding these American-owned copper mines.

GOLD REEF EXPLORATION, NORTH WALES COAL.—You are no doubt probably correct in your surmise about the circular. I am afraid there is very little hope for either of the concerns in question.

LINO DEBENTURES, FANTI CONSOLS.—INNOCENCE.—These debentures can only be described as semi-speculative. (2) A fair purchase amongst West Africans, especially on a reaction.

CAMBERWELL EMPIRE.—TARIFF REFORM.—The disappearance of the dividend is doubtless due to the keen competition. Better sell before things become worse.

BRITISH MOTOR TRACTION.—A. C. (Mile End).—This company is no longer in existence, and I doubt whether anything was left over for the shareholders.

RHODESIANS AND JUNGLES.—You should hold your various Rhodesians and Jungles, Nos. 1 to 6, most of which are promising.

RUBBERS AND RINKS.—C. F. C.—(1) The present price of Johore Rubber Lands, 10s. paid, is 4s. to 5s. premium, and there would be no difficulty in selling these, but it is different with Rinks (2), as these shares are rarely marketable. I send you, however, the address of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, as requested, who will be ready to do small business.

OLD BANK DEPOSIT.—F. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—As the money was deposited in May, 1826, and you do not know the name of the London Bank where the deposit was made, it will be extremely difficult to trace the money for the daughter. Has she not some clue to the bank? Where used the deceased gentleman to bank, and does she know in what name the money was deposited?

PUBLISHING SHARES.—SOUTH WALES.—I think you should at once take an opportunity to sell these Preference shares. They are more likely to fall than to rise.

BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. L. J. (Newport).—Up to now I see no reason for changing my views. A well-known building society in London recently had to make a reduction of interest, and the depression in land has no doubt affected numerous other societies, especially the smaller kind. What has also to be considered is whether the money deposited can be withdrawn without undue trouble.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—K. SHAW.—I do not think that there would be much risk in allowing these shares to run on to maturity, especially as it is only for about another fifteen months.

TYLER, JOHNSTON AND COMPANY.—N. B.—My opinion of the affairs of this company is the reverse of favourable, and there is not even a market price for the shares. It is a pity that you ever went into the concern.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT.—JAY BEE.—This investment concern has no doubt been badly hit by the land depression. I am afraid there is no option but to put the matter in your solicitor's hands, if you are determined to press it.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA, ETC.—AFRICANUS.—(1) On the face of it, I cannot advise you to accept the position, and especially as nothing whatever is known of the concern here. (2) A first-class industrial insurance office.

FINANCIAL CONCERN.—I have made inquiries, but, unfortunately, cannot trace the address of this concern, which appears to be a cloak for an outside broker's business. I hope they have not got any of your money.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY CORPORATION LTD.—HAMISH (Wingate).—In the event of the Corporation not paying a valid claim, the person claiming could, of course, enforce the contract at law and recover the money, assuming the company to be solvent. As to your other question, it is impossible with the information available to give a positive reply.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—T. S. (Rhondda Valley).—We cannot recommend it. ENQUIRER (Fishguard Harbour).—We do not think there is any ground for your anxiety, but we much prefer English companies. H. K. (London).—It is not anywhere near the front rank. D. O'D. (Cork).—The answer to both your questions is in the affirmative. W. T. P. (Wimbledon).—(1) It is a comparatively young company, but a very sound and progressive one. (2) It was established in 1883. (3) We think the house purchase scheme a good one.

BRITISH EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—ROCKFIELD (Sale).—(1) The company is not making the progress of some of its neighbours, and we should advise another selection; but it is, of course, perfectly solvent, with assurance and annuity funds, inclusive of paid-up capital, amounting to £1,758,363. (2) We know nothing about the other association you name, but it is not easy to believe that Lord Derby would be associated with any concern that is not financially sound.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—DUBIETY (Edinburgh).—Our advice to you is to accept Option No. 2, *i.e.*, repayment in cash by instalments of 20 per cent., each extending over five years, interest being allowed. That seems a most likely way of getting back some of the money you put into the concern.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

XXXIII.—THE RT. HON JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

A few days since I made my way to Highbury for the purpose of interviewing the first Member of the new Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain's invalid condition, although serious, did not forbid his receiving me. I found him intently perusing the election results.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your unopposed return to Parliament," I began. "It was chivalrous on the part of the Radical caucus to refrain from putting up an opponent against you."

"It was," admitted Mr. Chamberlain, "and I greatly appreciate it. At the same time my return was certain in any case."

"Mr. Chamberlain," I said, earnestly, "what has become of your severely practical and logical mind? In 1881 you said that a tax on food would mean a decline in wages; that it would mean more than that, for it would raise the price of every article produced in the United Kingdom. How do you reconcile that statement with your recent manifesto to the Electors of Great Britain and Ireland, wherein you declare that Tariff Reform will not increase the cost of living for the working classes, nor the proportion of taxation paid by them; but will enable us to reduce the present taxes on articles they consume?"

"Ah," murmured Mr. Chamberlain, "1881 is a long while ago."

"But as recently as 1903 you said that the working-classes would pay three-fourths of the tax," I said.

"Did I really say that?" asked Mr. Chamberlain, with some surprise; "but then,, 1903 is seven years ago."

"On the same occasion," I continued, "you said that the policy of Tariff Reform, if carried out, would cost the people so much a week more than they were paying at that time for their food."

"Dear, dear," protested Mr. Chamberlain. "How very awkward. I *do* wish people would not rake up one's past in this disconcerting fashion. It makes it so *very* awkward, you know."

"It *does* make it awkward," I agreed; "more especially for the Conservative, who scarcely knows which Chamberlain to follow."

"Let the Conservative follow my son Austen," replied Mr. Chamberlain. "My mantle has descended upon him."

"But a few weeks ago at South Hackney he said he was 'an unrepentant food-taxer.'"

"That's all right," responded Mr. Chamberlain.

"But how can dearer corn mean cheaper bread?" I demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," confessed Mr. Chamberlain, with a gesture of impatience. "But all the same, it *must*—it is necessary for the credit of the Tariff Reform party that it should. Mr. Balfour has pledged his word on it."

"So the natural operations of cause and effect are to be suspended by some occult means, so that a certain political party may be kept in countenance, and its leader's reputation preserved?"

"But an increase in the price of corn does *not* mean dearer bread," cried Mr. Chamberlain.

"Then why did the Tory party abolish the duty on corn which they imposed when last in power?"

"Oh, please don't bother me," said Mr. Chamberlain, testily; "I am an invalid, and ought not to be worried or agitated."

"I am sorry to have done both," I replied; "but I must do my duty, part of which is to point out to you that your proposal to tax corn has broken the back of the Conservative party, the operation being further assisted by your suggestion of a 10 per cent. tax on *all* imported manufactures. Having practically destroyed the effectiveness of the Party to which you last gave your allegiance, you had better leave it altogether, and join the John Bull League, which believes in subsidising the British farmer rather than taxing imported corn, allowing the free importation of all raw material and those articles which we want but cannot produce, and the imposition of a discriminating duty upon all imported goods which we *can* make, for the purpose of increasing home manufactures.'

"I wish I had thought of that policy before," murmured Mr. Chamberlain. "Put me down as a member of the League." And I bade him good-day.

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How to Be a Centenarian.

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

One unfailing quest of the ages has been the elixir of life, and no one has ever yet really discovered it. But the famous Russian physician and scientist has gone very near it in his discovery, made quite accidentally, that the enormous number of centenarians in Bulgaria is due to the fact that sour milk has been the national food for ages; so that to one centenarian in Great Britain, where they are nevertheless unsuspectedly numerous, there are no less than 187 in Bulgaria; that is, there are more than 3,000 centenarians in a country whose population is less than half that of London. In other words, if sour milk drinking was compulsory in our midst, there would be at least 42,000 people over one hundred years of age in England alone, of whom 6,000 would live here in London.

But, of course, I need scarcely say that extreme old age is not the only result of a sour milk diet. Old age usually implies good health through life generally. People who accustom themselves to a regular diet of sour milk are thereby endued with such marvellous strength of mind and body, are so glowing with health and good spirits, are generally so "fit" and capable, that they are able in old age easily to perform tasks which would tax the energies and enthusiasm of people less than half their age.

It was this alertness of mind and body which first impressed and attracted the great savants when they were visiting Bulgaria a few years ago, and it was in reply to their enquiries that they were informed that the remarkable longevity and good health and effervescent spirits of the Bulgarians were due to the fact that sour milk was the national staple food—a daily item in the national dietary.

Putting two and two together, therefore, the faculty set to work to discover the how and the wherefore of this remarkable cause and effect, and they discovered in time that the sour milk—and I am avoiding all scientific and technical terms—was impregnated with certain bacilli which, when consumed in the stomach, waged war upon and absolutely annihilated the harmful bacilli by which the human body is so deplorably polluted.

As a matter of fact, humanity, for some inscrutable reason, is cursed with so large an intestine that it accumulates a quantity of putrefied food which in time helps not only to shorten life, but to render life almost unendurable while it lasts.

Parrots, crows, eagles and other birds, tortoises, crocodiles and other creatures which are not provided with a large intestine or are found not to harbour in large quantities putrefactive micro-organisms in their alimentary canals, live to upwards of two or three hundred years.

Blood-poisoned humanity cannot live long, nor whilst it is suffering can it enjoy good health, even during its short life; and short life usually implies bad health, even on the part of those whom we consider strong and able-bodied men and women.

It is to remedy the condition brought on by the accumulation of putrescent food that the Professor recommends a diet of sour milk to those who would live long and would enjoy good health and bright spirits to the very end of life.

But of course it is not easy for the dweller in towns to obtain sour milk as does the resident upon a Bulgarian farm.

And this has been the crux ever since the discoveries were first made public years ago—the great difficulty of keeping oneself regularly and systematically supplied with properly prepared sour milk.

But Messrs. Cox, of Brighton, have solved that difficulty as they have solved many others. They have produced a delightful sweetmeat which is so prepared that all the good effects of sour milk are produced upon the human body without any of the discomfort that sometimes attends the consumption of this special form of diet. Now these sweetmeats are nothing less than chocolate creams, with a clever insertion of properly prepared sour milk inside the chocolate, instead of the usual cream. The Health-Milk Bon-Bon contains the Bacillus of Massol in its highest state of activity. All you have to do is to buy a 2s. 6d. box of 24 massolettes, take three or four a day after meals, although even two are sufficient, and health and happiness are yours for the rest of your life. And to this truth I can bring the testimony of my own experience and of my friends to bear ample witness. I have taken them myself for the past two months and already I—who am the greatest living expert on the horrors of indigestion, for no one can have suffered more than I have—already I am a different man physically and mentally, and two of my most intimate friends—Mrs. Brown-Potter, the famous actress, and Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the world-known artist—speak with equal enthusiasm of Messrs. Cox's chocolate massolettes.

In each little chocolate lie concealed 10,000,000 friendly bacilli who are no sooner set free in the human stomach—*your* stomach, my friend—than they wage war to the death upon the unfriendly bacilli who for years have made your life worse than death itself.

You must understand, however—and medical men specially emphasise what I am about to say—that to help the sour milk treatment to be really beneficial you must be reasonable in your diet. For instance, English people eat far too much meat. Another scientist expresses the conviction that one of the chief causes of intestinal putrefaction is the excessive use of animal food.

And you must also be moderate in your use of alcohol. Go to bed early, rise early, and take regular exercise whatever the weather, and put your skin into a warm glow after your daily bath, and then take your massolettes unfailingly after your morning and your evening meal.

You can hardly fail then to secure a long life and a very healthy one. For the simple reason that he who takes massolettes regularly renders his system immune from almost all the ills to which flesh is heir. He brings his body into such a perfect state of health that he need fear no attacks from extraneous organisms; in short, he renders his whole system germ-proof.

This, when one remembers the enormous risks we run from such contagious diseases as typhoid, small-pox, measles, influenza, &c., &c., is a valuable stepping stone to future therapy. Remember that massolettes contain the living culture; each one, as I have already stated, contains 10,000,000 friendly bacilli which begin their war of extermination as soon as they are liberated in the stomach.

And in time they reduce your intestinal arrangements to that condition of purity in which they were at the hour of your birth, and in which condition they have never been since.

Another good point about the massolettes is that they are not only much simpler and much less trouble and much pleasanter to take than the sour milk itself, but they are also much cheaper.

A half-crown box lasts nearly a fortnight. The *Lancet*, which is the official organ of the medical profession, speaks of Messrs. Cox's preparation in the highest possible terms, which is generous indeed on their part, considering the undoubted fact that no person who is a regular consumer of these massolettes requires the aid of a physician.

These massolettes are the last word in the health milk treatment, and they were approved by over 1,000 medical men at the London Medical Exhibition held at Westminster last October.

Professor Metchnikoff's own account of his discovery and of his experiments thereafter forms a most interesting chapter in medical history.

On one occasion he injected a young ape with an intensive culture of the "old age" microbe, with the result, so says a writer in the *London* for January, 1910, that the poor animal rapidly ailed and became prematurely old. He was then placed on a diet of this Bulgarian sour milk treatment. Not only did the animal recover its normal condition after six months' treatment, but microscopic investigation showed an almost complete absence of the malignant bacilli that had been so numerous in the animal's former state.

But what I wish specially to emphasise is not so much Metchnikoff's scientific researches as the manner in which Messrs. Cox have reduced them to every day practical life.

These massolettes, taken regularly and under proper conditions, solve the great problem that has puzzled a suffering and a dying world of untold ages, how to live long and happily.

And as is usual in all really great discoveries they have solved it in a remarkably simple manner. People in London, but for them, might have gone on for ever talking about the sour milk treatment, but its practical application was so difficult and often so nauseating that the majority were either never able to adopt the treatment, or else they were forced to abandon it in disgust and despair. To-day, all that is changed, and if after reading this little paper anyone prefers his poisoned system to a diet of massolettes, then all I can say is his blood lie upon his own head. For me, I choose long life and a mind and body free from disease and anxiety, and I doubt not that this will be the verdict of the majority. For I can scarcely doubt that those who read this article will, so far as is possible, adopt this wonderfully health-giving, life-prolonging process. And you cannot do it in a simpler or more effective, or in a pleasanter manner than by consuming three of these massolettes every day and eating very little meat.

You are bound then to live long, brightly, vigorously, painlessly and happily. [ADVT.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK

By Mrs. Bull.

The Franchise Frock.

I cannot help thinking that those suffragist ladies who have designed a regulation costume for themselves in order that in future they may not be indebted to man for their fashions will find themselves somewhat seriously involved if they are to carry this idea out logically. They will have to enquire into the history of so many other things, from shoes to corsets, and if a single "he" is discovered lurking behind the antecedents of these, away they must go and some new thing, dreamed by woman, put in their place. And after that they must await the verdict of history on the result, which, to my mind, will be confusion worse confounded. Look, for instance, at the regulation dress which they have already evolved. It is a long, straight, waistless garment, the sleeves cut in with the waist, on the principle of a doll's pinafore; that is to say, the under-seam of the sleeve is continued in an unbroken line as the side-seam of the dress, down to the hem. There is an opening at the neck large enough for the head to go through, but no fastening or vent-hole of any kind. This classic garb is intended for all wears, out-of-door or indoor; also for all figures, and there is the rub! Granted that a tall, slim person might, if her hair were properly done, look to some extent like Dante's Beatrice in such a dress, if it were made in the thinnest of soft silk or crepe in some dim shade, with bands of dull-tinted embroidery, and worn long, and strictly only in the evening, if you like. But let us imagine the same affair, as I saw it the other day, made in curry-coloured Art serge, cut very short, and worn out-of-doors with heelless stodgy boots, and a boat-shaped hat! And that upon a lady no longer either young or slim, who must have successfully caught a man hiding in the origin of corsets, for she was innocent of any.

But it is the old story. Men, as they are always telling us, are the best judges of women's dress, because they see it in perspective, and are unbiassed by the spirit of rivalry, vanity, or fashion worship, and only see what is strictly beautiful and appropriate. In fact they sometimes remind us that crinolines have only flourished in the reigns of queens, and so on. Pray let them go on designing fashions for women, if we may design clothes for them. The suffragists ought really to try to reform man's dress, rather than excluding men from their own. For what could possibly be more monstrous than the emanations of tailor's minds since, say, George the Fourth showed the world how to dress? Who but a man—and a Philistine and a Puritan, as most men are at heart—could have dreamed of inventing the flap-tailed thing like a beetle, that is called a morning coat, worn with grey trousers, that I do seriously think tries the affection of the best women? Also dark blue ties with white dots or a pattern on them that men of earnest principles can still be found wearing in corners—I mean the men are in corners, not the ties. Also long green jackets and short green trousers turned up over boots, and almost brimless hats, and other horrors. If women designed men's dress there is not the least doubt that the long attempted knee breeches and silk stockings would become a fact for evening wear, and beetle-shaped tails with buttons on them would be gone for ever. And the day of romance would dawn. At present it is distinctly a case of "physician, heal thyself."

Our Girls.

The need for prompt and widespread re-organisation of our educational system is brought home to me every day. For instance, in the course of a discussion now proceeding in the North Midlands papers on "Mill Morals," it has been stated that fifty mill girls between the ages of 14 and 16, being asked how they would feed a three-months-old baby if its mother were away, "three only of them showed any knowledge of the correct method." The State would save money and guard against a serious source of national decay if it taught the elder girls in the elementary schools the simpler duties of motherhood.

A WAIL FROM BARRY.

A Barry correspondent writes—

The Barry Railway Company own the docks that give the place practically all its industries, and this company therefore has to pay a large moiety of the total rates of the district. Because they do this they seem to think anything in the way of a railway station good enough for the people, with the result that Barry Dock Station is a standing disgrace. It consists of one "island" platform, which is ill-paved, and has the most ramshackle of wooden structures as station buildings. The ladies' waiting-room is only separated by a thin wooden partition from the urinal and lavatory. But the masculine section of the community are worse off still, for they have to do without a waiting-room altogether, and content themselves with uncomfortable seats on an ill-lit and badly-sheltered platform. That is unless a miserable hovel, which acts as first, second and third class booking "hall" and sorting-room for bookstall returns, with a few hard benches round its sides, is intended as a waiting-room. To add to this public disgrace no horse vehicle can approach within a couple of hundred yards of the station.

The Barry District Council, together with, and besides, the local Chamber of Trade, have taken the matter up on several occasions. But both bodies sadly lack backbone, and it merely requires a letter from the railway company to choke them off until they again think of the matter months afterwards, when the same device works again.

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Do you ever make him any return for his friendship? You'll have to go a long way before you meet a stauncher friend, or a more agreeable companion than your dog. Then

MAKE HIM SOME SLIGHT RETURN.

You can't give him presents or other things of a similar nature, he doesn't appreciate them; but

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Ulcers, Varicose Veins (certain cases), Tubercular Disease, Diseased Bone, etc.

CURED BY THE TREMOL TREATMENT.

Extract from an investigation on "The Claims of the Tremol Treatment," which appeared in JOHN BULL, November 20th, 1909

"We can say that we consider the Tremol Treatment an honest one, ably applied with highly successful results, and we hope it will become even more widely known. The result of our investigations has proved an eye-opener. The Tremol Treatment distinctly merits the praise of JOHN BULL."

ENDORSED BY OVER 100 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR,

Since JOHN BULL'S investigation of the Tremol Treatment appeared, the Editor has received over one hundred letters from patients who have undergone the Tremol Treatment. They are representative of every class of the community, and the different diseases that the Treatment cures. Without one single exception all of them were cured (some years ago) and remain cured to-day, and all speak in the highest terms of the power of Tremol Treatment to cure. The proprietors of the Tremol Treatment have been permitted by the Editor of JOHN BULL to see this voluminous sheaf of independent testimony and to make brief extracts from just a few of the innumerable letters that have reached him from cured patients who read the article. They all speak in terms of glowing eulogy of the Tremol Treatment.

WHAT OUR PATIENTS WROTE "JOHN BULL."

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol Treatment cured me of a leg that had been bad since 1899.—Mr. J. H. Taylor, 34, Lawrence Road, S. Tottenham, N.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I had a bad leg for three years. Tremol cured me in three weeks and three days.—Mr. W. House, Cubert, Grampound Road, Cornwall.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I believe if it had not been for the Tremol Treatment I should have had to have my leg off. It worked wonders on me.—Mr. G. Barber, 204, Stoney Stanton Road, Coventry.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I received the Treatment on April 1st of this year, and by May 5th I was riding my bicycle and had almost forgotten I had a bad leg.—Mrs. W. Elliott, 31, Lincoln Street, Kingsthorpe, Northampton.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I tried every known remedy in vain. Tremol Treatment cured me. It is worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. Dowe, 50, Beck Street, Ipswich.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol Treatment cured me (I am 81), and every case where I recommended it.—Mrs. Constable, Hyde Stratton, near Swindon.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured me in seven weeks, after being a sufferer for forty years.—Mrs. J. Thorpe, 70, Orchard Lane, Leigh, Lancs.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured me when other remedies had failed, and I am 73.—Mrs. Sams, 92, Engleheart Road, Catford, S.E.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
A prominent Specialist advised amputation. Tremol cured me.—Mr. H. Fletcher, 21, Vicarage Road, Castleton.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
There were 36 ulcers on my leg, but Tremol cured it in three months.—Mrs. T. Greenhalgh, 17, Cross Leech Street, Stalybridge.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I worked as hard as ever whilst being cured by Tremol.—Mrs. Lynch, Llangwm Road, near Haverford West.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol cured my leg after everything else had failed.—Mrs. Thorne, Rose Cottage, Rodbourne Cheney, Swindon.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol Treatment cured me of a very bad case of eczema. I am all right now, my skin is quite clean, and it has been for some time.—Mrs. Simpson, White Craig, Cullybackey, Antrim.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I was delighted to read what a high opinion JOHN BULL had formed of the Tremol Treatment, as I derived untold benefit from it. I had a terrible leg of varicose veins, and ulcer, and I was cured in six weeks.—Mr. G. Womersley, 19A, Garden Street, Hexborough, near Rotherham.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I was never free from pain for twelve months. Tremol relieved me with the first dressing.—Miss Havlock, 101, Heath Terrace, Leeds Road, Bradford.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
All JOHN BULL says about Tremol Treatment is true. It acted like magic on my leg, and cured me without rest.—Mrs. Lake, 31, Farebrother Street, Grimsby.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Tremol is a wonderful cure for bad legs. I can hardly tell which of my two legs was bad now, so complete is the cure.—Mrs. Hicks, Gooneart Scorrier, Cornwall.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I suffered for years from varicose veins, but in five weeks I was cured by Tremol Treatment. I have not felt so well for years as I do now.—Mrs. Forsyth, 62, Thornwood Avenue, Partick, Glasgow

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
A doctor told me my leg would never be cured, but after eight years' suffering Tremol cured it in five weeks.—Mrs. Winlow, South Choppington, *via* Morpeth.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I feel I cannot speak too highly of Tremol Treatment, for it has done so much for me.—Miss E. Bright, Oak Farm, nr. Shrewsbury.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
After being practically a prisoner in my bed, on and off, for 27 years, I decided to try Tremol Treatment, and I am thankful to say I have been on my feet ever since. Mine was a very bad case, and the cure reflects very great credit on the Treatment.—Mrs. Doherty, 297, Hyde Road, West Gorton, Manchester.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I trust JOHN BULL will give Tremol Treatment all the publicity it can, and recommend it to the public. It cured my wife when local practitioners were of no avail.—Mr. B Jones, 24, Seymour Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I wish all newspapers would write as much as JOHN BULL has done about the Tremol Treatment. It is a wonderful preparation, for it cured me of a very bad leg of 12 years' standing.—Mrs. Chenery, 7, Belmont Terrace, Lower Road, Belvedere, Kent

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Everything I tried was in vain, till I tried Tremol Treatment, which cured me in a very short time.—Mrs. Ashton, 8, Fidler Street, Thatto Heath, St. Helen's.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Before I underwent the Tremol Treatment I could not stand on my leg it was so bad, but after the first dressing I could walk with it.—Mrs. Howles, 34, George Street, Hyde

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I have been in much better general health since I was cured by the Tremol Treatment.—Mrs. Reid, 9A, Town Hall Buildings, Barking Road, East Ham, E.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
A doctor told me he could not do anything for me, but Tremol Treatment cured me.—Mrs. Willson, Beethoven Villa, Whytefield Road, Ramsay, Hunts.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
I never saw the doctor, but was cured by the Tremol Treatment at home.—Miss Counsell, 17, Bath Street, Preston.

To the Editor of JOHN BULL:—
Hundreds of sufferers would undergo Tremol Treatment at once if they only knew what it has done for me.—Mrs Roberts, 5, Henthorne Road, New Ferry, Cheshire.

A COPY OF AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "CURES BY THE CURED," WILL BE SENT GRATIS AND POST FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS SENDING THE ATTACHED COUPON AND A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR CASE TO—

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Dame Nature," Adapted from Henri Bataille's "La Femme Nue."

The English adaptation of "La Femme Nue," and the original French "Bataille"-door and Shuttlecock play, must be looked at through d s inctly opposing opera-glass lenses. Carried away by the pathetic acting of Berthe Bady as the Femme Nue, and the beautiful performance of Andrée Mégard as the Princesse de Chabran in Paris, Miss Ethel Irving doubtless thought to herself—here is a play made to succeed in England.

But Miss Irving counted without her muttons. She forgot that in this country the "art of characterization" is almost obsolete; and, whereas in France each study from the Quartier Latin is instinct with life and acted as distinctive types known to all Paris, over here such perfectly cut cameos on the stage are an unknown quantity, the players merely speak their lines *et puis c'est fini!*

Again, when Mr. Frederick Fenn adapted "La Femme Nue" he should have made up his mind either to keep to the original French atmosphere or make it entirely English; as it is, everything is in such a tangle that you don't know where you are at all. But, then, how many Parisian successes have suffered recently from the same cause. "Madame X," for instance, "Le Duel," "Samson," "Mademoiselle Josette ma Femme," "Le Secret de Polichinelle," and any amount more—all triumphs in the *ville lumiere*—most of them failures here, principally because of the shilly-shallying environment, the sort of half-way-there business, when you are undecided whether you are nearer to Calais or Dover, and the complete misconception of the French author's meaning and his work.

At the Garrick, most of the cast who talk to the Prince and Princess de Chabran address them as Monsieur le Prance or Madame la Prancesse. Why?

Miss Nancy Price, in Andrée Megard's creation of the Princess, plays the character exactly like a Drury Lane drama adventuress. Henri Bataille, the French author of "La Femme Nue," meant her to be as Madame Mégard acted the part—a beautiful, artistic, sympathetic woman, ambitious certainly, but with a heart that beat truthfully when the right moment came; therefore the lines Miss Price speaks in the last act of "Dame Nature" sound altogether inconsistent with the attitude she adopts in the three others.

Again, will you tell me, in the name of all that is comprehensible, why Norman Forbes, as the Prince de Chabran, should talk in broken English? It's really too ridiculous, when you come to think of it, and you arrive at the "half-way-there" spot once more.

What a pity it is Miss Ethel Irving doesn't allow herself to be "edited"! She is what I should call an actress of spasms—some of them quite good spasms—others unnatural and ineffective, consequently misleading, as to her theatrical abilities. Lolette is just one of those parts that unless it is played with infinite pathos and tenderness becomes unreal and impossible, and no single soul in the audience will be affected by it.

Here is a woman who has lived the usual life the painter's model does in Paris, but who, meeting a certain artist, throws over a man truly devoted to her and becomes the mistress of Robert Bertram, until, as "La Femme Nue," he paints her figure and gains for himself the gold medal of the Paris Salon, when, as an honourable fellow, he marries her.

Now if Lolette behaves like a spoiled baby, and cries and screams when she discovers her husband is enamoured of the lovely Princess, instead of impressing the people with the fact that she is silently shedding tears of blood and suffering tortures of agony, how can anybody have an atom of sympathy for her, especially when her old lover turns up and she frisks off quite contentedly with him? No, Lolette must be, before all things, human; she must be a bit of absolute nature, or there is no *raison d'etre* in M. Bataille's play, which in the French absolutely convinced everybody that in Parisian society *la vie humaine* does not exist, any more than, I regret to say, it does over here.

Poor little Lolette's cry of anguish must dart straight from her soul or it will never pierce the hearts of her listeners. Miss Irving makes a gallant fight for victory, but somehow she fails to get it; and so, to those who saw Henri Bataille's play as it was acted in Paris, the *semi*-Anglicised version at the Garrick Theatre will appear as a decided disappointment.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson.

How anyone can encourage Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson to make such a pitiful exhibition of herself at the Palace Theatre is beyond all comprehension. Here is a person of social standing, absolutely devoid of talent as regards dancing, careering, capering, and jumping about just as our mothers used to make us do for fun when we were little mites of a few years old; only—we had more covering on and there were no strange eyes to gaze at us, whilst "Milady" is draped in the scantiest and flimsiest style, and the large auditorium of the Shaftesbury Avenue music-hall is crowded with eagerly-expectant men and women. I don't care whether Lady Constance is appearing at the Palace for a philanthropic motive or not; I am not in accord with her. and do not think she has anything to be proud about in displaying, her naked limbs for the sake of founding a boys' school to be run on new lines.

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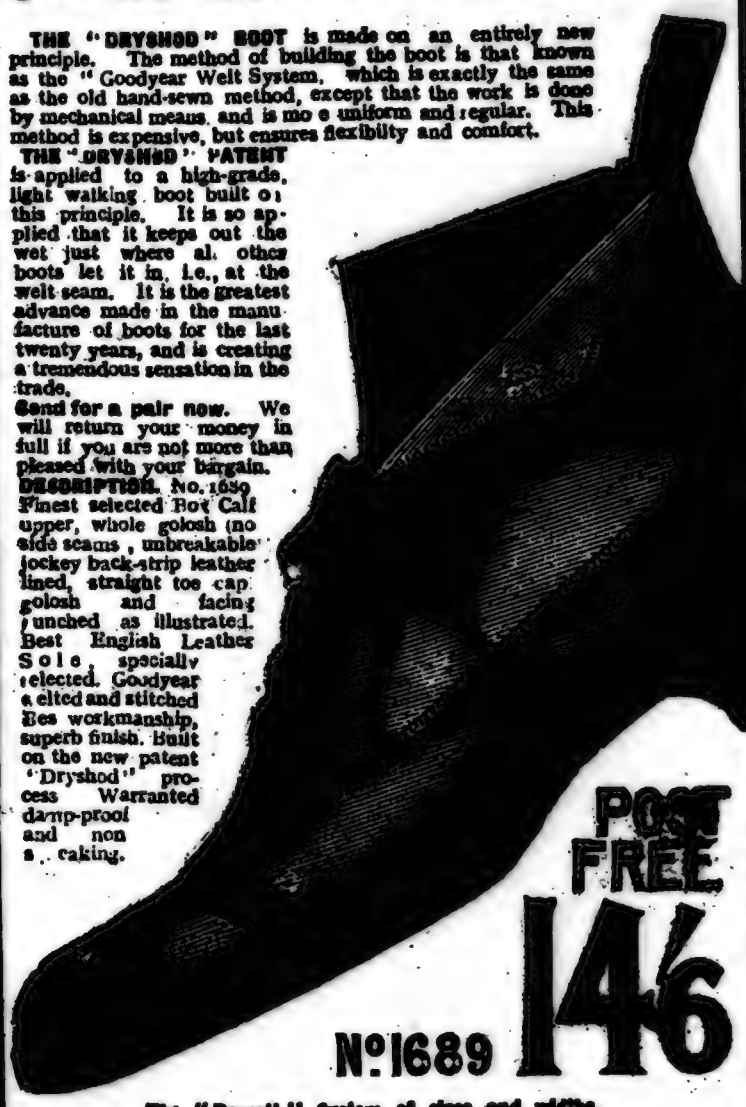

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Altogether you have 32 different sizes and widths to select from.

HOW TO ORDER.—State size (length) usually worn, then the width, according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide, No. 6 width. This is the simplest and easiest method.

If, howeve , you do not know what size you take either in length or width; send an old boot or place your stockinged foot on a sheet of paper and draw the outline by pasing a pencil round.

From this we will undertake to fit you.

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Instant Relief.

Remarkable Discovery which will Benefit Asthmatics and those suffering from Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc.

NEW METHOD OF TREATING CHEST AND LUNG TROUBLES

Brilliant description by Mr. Richard Haynel one of the greatest authorities on Diseases of the Respiratory Organs

Mr. Richard Haynel is one of the greatest living authorities on diseases of the respiratory organs. There is no question that ailing persons who read this article will find there invaluable advice.

If I state that I firmly believe that to every sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hæmorrhage, or any form of chest or lung weakness there is a rational means of regaining health now offered I am simply stating a conviction born of actual experience. The great host of cases which I, in my own sphere, have investigated has proved to me that the ailing have lived too long under the delusion that the panacea for every human ill lies in the medicine bottle. I am convinced that there are those suffering to-day who, if they had turned their backs on drugs, would be cured.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

It has been my unfortunate experience to see those who are literally drug maniacs come to me in their last despair—it has been my lot to read the most pathetic letters that ever have been penned by those who have had faith in the medicine bottle, but bitter as this task has been, it has nevertheless, been my privilege to see those poor sufferers come back to health and strength. My actual experience of the remarkable treatment, which to-day is creating a record for cases cured, is such that I am able to give the fullest details and to explain why I know that there is health and strength even for those in a most chronic stage of their trouble.

This illustration will show how disease gradually eats into the lungs either clogging the air passages or actually destroying the lung tissue. The discoloration of the lung in the right hand picture will indicate this.

The new treatment is conducted absolutely without any drugs, and may be enjoyed by the weakest in their own homes. It will interest those who suffer to know that the new treatment is the outcome of the suffering of one who is recognised as among Europe's greatest scientists.

The scientist in question was Professor Weidhaas, and it is the Weidhaas method of Home Treatment which to-day is placed before the public as a method of curing chest and lung troubles.

I can confidently say that not only will the Weidhaas method of treatment afford relief, but its adoption will ultimately prevent any recurrence of the trouble.

My knowledge of the Weidhaas treatment is practcal knowledge, for I have been privileged to carry on the great work which Professor Weidhaas himself inaugurated. I have been fortunate in evolving a method whereby every single sufferer—no matter where he or she may be—in no matter what conditions—may adopt the Weidhaas treatment in the home.

NO CASE TOO BAD OR OF TOO LONG STANDING.

That this method of home treatment is a success I have ample proof. On my consulting-room table and filed in their hundreds are letters from those whom I have never seen face to face, but who have enjoyed the benefit of the Weidhaas treatment and have gladly expressed the joy they have found in obtaining a cure thereby. The Weidhaas Home Treatment is quite remarkable in this way—that it is a thorough treatment. Recognising that disease of one part of the body entails weakness in other parts, not only does it attack the problem locally, but the endeavour is made to build up the whole system in health and strength. Just think for a minute what illness may mean. A diseased chest or lung is supplied by the same blood as circulates throughout the whole system. The blood that rushes through the heart, circulates through the blood-vessels and arteries of the head, is the same blood that surges through the diseased tissues of the lung.

Naturally this blood becomes choked with waste tissue—probably disease germs—and there is no knowing where the local disease that originally arose in the lungs may be carried.

The Weidhaas treatment, by attending to the whole of the system, cleansing and nourishing the blood and building every organ up in strength, gives permanent health to the once ailing person.

Every endeavour has been made to let the public know the benefits this new home treatment provides—its success has been so wonderful that it is thought that if only the sufferers could know what has already been done they would hesitate not one moment before commencing the treatment. I myself have prepared a book which deals fully with the details of the Weidhaas Home Treatment.

I have endeavoured to show in this book exactly what the patient must do to obtain health. I have dealt briefly with the cause of the various chest and lung troubles, and have shown where health lies. There has also been included a remarkable series of letters from actual sufferers, who give reports on their own cases, stating exactly what they think of the method of home cure. In order that the ailing may reap the benefit of such a book, I have decided to send copies to all who apply, absolutely free of charge.

WARNING OF DANGER.

I am willing to do even more than this—any person who is ailing, who will write to me, I will, in full, answer his letter, and state whether I think that the Weidhaas Home Treatment will be effective.

I feel assured that the Weidhaas Home Treatment will cure even when all other methods have failed. The splendid record of its successes which have now reached a splendid total is surely testimony of its power. All applications for my book, which is entitled "Dum Spiro Spero" (Whilst I Breathe I Hope), must be addressed to the Head Specialist, the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 36P, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

COUPON *For use of* JOHN BULL *Readers.*

The wonderful book which tells all about the modern home treatment for those with weak chests or lungs is now ready. It is fully illustrated and replete with information that must be of immediate use to sufferers. It is entitled "Dum Spiro Spero" (Whilst I Breathe I Hope). A presentation copy will be sent FREE to any person forwarding name and address on this coupon and mentioning symptoms of complaint.

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This coupon must be carefully copied or cut out and filled in, and then sent to the Head Specialist of the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, Ltd., 36P, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

I suppose by the time these lines are in print the elections will be over, or nearly over, and most of us will have resumed our normal state of mental health. For many days I have had politics for breakfast, luncheon, tea and supper, and at last I can see prospects of a change of diet. True, there still comes to ear distant sounds of the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but in the main I feel that we have reached a stage in the national life when the friends who differ from me in politics will keep their hair on and call me hard names no more; or, at any rate, not until the next General Election. A few weeks ago they and I were as Saul and Jonathan, lovely and pleasant in our lives. The House of Lords, Tariff Reform, and Charley Beresford have made us like unto Balfour and Ure.

I hate General Elections. They are a curse upon a smiling land. They are an incitement to general unveracity. They upset the mental balance. They destroy the moral conscience. They bring not peace but a sword; so that nowhere can one turn without somebody or other grabbing you by the arm and trying to ram down your throat chunks of unassailable fact and slabs of impregnable common sense, and if you show fight you are overwhelmed with cartloads of indisputable statistics on the hypothesis that you are an ass or a mule. In every street there is a canvasser, or a billsticker, or a Demosthenes who longs to bring you to reason. In every club and in every pub you are sure to run up against some fervent soul who will implore you to save the Empire which is our joy and pride, the country we love so dearly, and the cash box, without which we shall be at one with Nineveh and Tyre.

During this General Election I have managed to carry about with me a certain number of proud convictions; but I give you my word that because of this every hoarding in a mighty city has shrieked me liar and lunatic and traitor. Only a week ago, a Parliamentary candidate, spouting in a Sunday school, told me that every vote given to the other fellow was a vote given for the Kaiser, and when I went to a meeting of his opponent the following night and asked that gentleman whether this was a correct statement of the facts, he said the real truth was that every vote given to the man who had said it was a vote given for the human consumption of cat's-meat.

It will be a matter of deep regret to many of our Old and Tried Friends that they have bitten the dust in the conflict. As Mr. Churchill (or Mr. Lloyd George) has said, you cannot have battle without gore. It must be a painful thing to be an Old and Tried Friend during a General Election. In my view it is simply asking for trouble. I did not intend to mention any names, but they do tell me that Mr. Bill Crooks is still asking the missus what was the use of being the Old and Tried Friend of Woolwich when all that warlike constituency is willing to do for him is to decorate him with the Order of the Boot. Somewhere in the "Decline and Fall" Gibbon tells us that revenge is profitable and gratitude expensive. If this copious historian be correct I can only assume that the battalions of the Old and Tried are slaughtered in a General Election in order that the constituencies may economise their thankfulness.

On the whole, I would rather be an Old and Tried Friend in Wales or Scotland than in England. The English voter is notoriously fickle. Frequently he dunno where 'e are, and you dunno what he'll do. If he throws his cap up for you to-day that is not a guarantee that he won't vote you out if he gets half a chance to-morrow. The Welsh or Scotch constituency may want more for their money, but when once it has chosen you, you can plaster yourself on all the hoardings as Old and Tried Friend through half-a-dozen General Elections without much fear of being cast out as a base and unblushing deceiver. This, I take it, is why Scotland has become the refuge of Cabinet Ministers who have got notice to quit in England. One of these days I anticipate seeing even John of Battersea flying over the border. Meanwhile he is saved from the wolves.

I hope this is the last General Election I shall see for a few years to come. Everybody now wants not only business government, but settled government. Down with scares, fiscal or other, and up with trade. This last six months of political fret and struggle and tactics and footle and fustian has done incalculable harm to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. We shall all continue to feel it just as long as we allow ourselves to be lashed into hysterics and frightened into panic by wild party politicians and unscrupulous newspapers. Make no mistake about it. England will be sound and safe as long as she is sane. When she ceases to be sane, the Lord have mercy upon her!

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Where did the *Standard* catch sight of that "defeat"?
Does Mr. Asquith think the House of Lords *can't* be improved?
Don't the letters "M. P." stand for "Most Promising" just now?
Wasn't South Islington won by Liberal Wiles?
Isn't Lloyd George still "in the running"?
Doesn't Will Crooks wish he'd stayed at home to mind his *own* business?
Wasn't it a case of Touche and "go" at North Islington?
With the Liberals in again, will there be a disappeerage?
What *has* become of the Suffragettes?
Did Mr. Asquith repent of Home Rule at the 'Leven-th hour?
Wouldn't rye bread mean wry faces?
How can the *Daily Mail* be an "inhuman paper" when "To err is human"?
Hasn't the *Express* got "the dumps" rather badly?

Mr. Money lost his seat in North Paddington. Apparently the voters wanted change.

We understand that it is untrue that Lloyd George's nickname in Grimsby is "E-took-'is-hook."

The public-houses were not opened in Newport on polling day. Although it was a Wednesday, the voters called it Thirst-day.

A Bill to secure the future of the Crystal Palace is to be introduced. It is to bills that the insecurity of the past is due.

In a Parliamentary sense, "No Change" means "keep your seats."

Miss Marie Corelli has become a member of the Anti-Socialist movement. It has our sympathy.

The Stock Exchange gave a tea at the Poplar Town Hall to 1,000 poor children. We understand the shares soon went.

An Austrian schoolgirl was killed by the blackboard on which she was doing a sum, falling upon her. She must have been dealing with heavy figures.

Our new base at Dover will probably keep the Concert of Europe in tune.

The new Adelphi "melodrama of the Ring" was produced on Boxing Night. Most appropriate.

Susan Angel was the name of a servant charged with attacking her mistress with a red-hot poker. Oh, the devil!

The American Consul at Malaga states that burglars are unknown in Southern Spain. It is the same here, as a rule.

"Christmas Parties for Birds," reads a headline. The tables turned.

A Mrs. Ayres has given birth to triplets—all boys. With so many heirs, Ayres may be excused airs.

Bruce, Swindon's hospital dog, has raised £162 for the hospitals. He evidently knows how to "beg."

The wife of a Parliamentary candidate declines to help her husband in his campaign because she is a Suffragist. Woman-like, she prefers to help herself.

The Chinese Government is sending officers abroad to study aviation. The nation will soon be soaring up.

Dr. Karl Kumm, of the Soudan United Mission, has returned, after a journey from the Niger to the Nile. Kumm home.

The little girl who applied for a licence to appear in "Alice in Wonderland," as an oyster, apparently takes part in the opening scene.

The fact that such an item as "Speaking for Ladies," is possible in a school curriculum, gives us a higher opinion of Germany's fair sex.

Mr. E. Langley says, "I can forgive a liar if he is picturesque." Accent on the second syllable of the last word?

"Boys and Girls Taught to Fly," says a contemporary. Aren't they too fly already?

China, we read, now has women journalists. She has also our sympathy.

A medical branch of the Navy League has been formed. Does the Navy need more "doctoring"?

"Police at Fault. Magistrate Discharges a Case," says an evening paper. We thought the day of miracles had past.

The first Chinese official railway guide is announced. Bradshaw will stand no earthly with it as a conundrum.

Fashion predicts that ladies' skirts are to be shorter than ever. We shall see.

Sir W. S. Gilbert wants to be put on the Wormwood Scrubbs visiting committee. Does he wish to see if the "punishment fits the crime"?

The Speaker of the House of Commons recently likened himself to a signalman. Certainly he has some awkward points to deal with.

"The Uncounted Cost. Mary Gaunt," reads an announcement. We are not surprised.

"Don't marry a saint," says Stanley Hyatt. No fear.

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(On Speculative Accounts only)

£322,780

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Cheques have been promptly sent.

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London, W.
Jan. 7th, 1910.

Sir,

Your favour to hand this morning enclosing cheque, value £239 8s. 0d., for which I am obliged, and have pleasure in taking this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the value of your advices, and also of the exceptionally fair and **straightforward manner in which you have conducted all my transactions** combined, with the promptness of your settlements, cheques having been received almost by return of post.

These facts alone should be sufficient to convince the **most sceptical** as to the value of your recommendations; but permit me to add further that this last deal in Southern Pacs, completes the **20th consecutive successful transaction** you have carried through for me, having received cheques from you in settlement of same to the value of £1,499 5s. 2d.

I am fully aware that anything in the shape of a testimonial is quite unnecessary, but hope you will accept this as a sense of my appreciation of your services, and your unfailing courtesy and attention to clients.

The Secretary,
National Share Exchange.

Yours faithfully,
W. H.

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We will also forward you a Booklet in which is embodied a few Press Opinions and Testimonials taken from thousands on our file.

Fill in this Coupon Now.

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Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £322,780 which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

J.B. 1/2.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)
ADDRESS IN FULL.....
.....

Please Write Distinctly

DATE.....

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

OUR BUSINESS GOVERNMENT COMPETITION.—A fresh scrutiny is being made to check a few outstanding cases in which it is claimed that at least six correct predictions were sent in. Will readers interested kindly note?

THE EDITOR returns his sincere thanks for the many congratulations he has received from JOHN BULL readers upon his re-election as Member of Parliament for South Hackney. He also wishes to express his gratitude to the numerous members of the John Bull League who rendered assistance during the election.

C. S. J. (Leeds).—Sorry you and your friends did not like the Christmas Number. We were not particularly enamoured of it ourselves, but these things have to be done.

W. S. (a John Bull Leaguer, of Mitcham) tells us that in a football match the other day one of the players for the St. Mark's Club had his collar bone broken, and that the referee, although a medical man, declined to attend to the injury and simply ordered the player to be taken to the dressing room to await the arrival of a doctor. We should like to know the opinion of the football authorities upon the incident.

"A MEMBER OF THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE" (Lower Broadheath).—We agree that landowners should not be allowed to close schools whenever they want beaters for a big shoot.

"TYKE" (Oldham) says that the Scottish Sabbath is spent pretty much the same as an English one, except that the public-houses are closed. "Except" is good.

C. H. (Tottenham) objects to our remarks about the Chief Constable of Rochester, and says that "Mr. Arnold is a gentleman and a thorough sportsman." Well, why did he worry that unfortunate cabman?

M. V. (St. Albans) objects to the long hours worked by nurses and attendants in asylums.

B. W. (Pagnell) is an admirer of the alleged pictures of the late Mr. Frith, and wants us to give our Art Critic a biscuit as a "wholesome addition to the usual bunch of carrots, thistles, or hay." Has our correspondent a copy of *The Railway Station* in his back parlour?

S. McN. (Edinburgh) draws our attention to the Munich Artists' Guild, 21, Cowper Street, Leeds, who indulge in the old game of offering to enlarge photographs for purchasers of frames.

K. G. P. (Birmingham) entered a fine female child in a baby show, naturally thinking the best baby would win, but his baby was pronounced "too big; in fact, out of all proportion." He calls this a piece of bluff, and invites our "kind and earnest attention." We will send the baby a bottle for her birthday.

W. E. B. (Forest Hill) writes in defence of the Kill-Joys, and says that they are the people who provide solid joys for their fellows. "If you can make a drunken man sober, a foul man clean, a Sabbath-breaker a Sabbath-keeper, you have done more to provide solid and lasting satisfaction in this life (not to mention the prospect of eternal joy in the next life) than by a thousand John Bull League meetings." But what has the Sabbath got to do with it?

T. H. (Malvern) calls our attention to the case of a licensed victualler who committed suicide through being harassed by the Inland Revenue authorities over the increased duties proposed under the Budget; but, much as we sympathise with the victim, we are afraid we must not generalise from a particular instance, however sad.

A. MACKAY (Glasgow) and "SIMPLEX" (Cullompton).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising transactions with *any* moneylender.

BURYBARN (Beccles).—Your best plan would be to communicate with Messrs. Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, E.C.

A. B. C. D. (Beccles) asks our opinion of *Railway Supplies Journal*. This is one of those publications which exist by means of the supply of "blocks" at exorbitant prices to tradesmen who desire their goods "written up." It has, of course, no legitimate circulation, and about eighteen months ago Phillips, who runs it, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for frauds of a somewhat similar character.

W. G. S. ("Bluecliffe," S. Africa).—We believe the concern inquired about supply their appliances upon approval—in England, at any rate. We have received no complaints regarding it.

"TYNESIDE" (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—We believe Mr. Balfour voted for old-age pensions as at present established, but that he refrained from voting on a proposal to make the working classes contribute towards their cost.

"OOMA" (Hayling Island).—The proprietors of JOHN BULL were never interested, directly or indirectly, in the Mint Publishing Company.

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if you treat them carefully and have them cleaned from time to time by the Achille Serre process.

It is a process which removes all stains—and dirt—whether visible or not—and restores the original shapes of the garments.

It does not injure the material—it only takes a few days and the cost is trifling. Our charge for cleaning and pressing a suit is only 3/9.

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are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the Cakes are compounded, they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.

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Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY

WHY HAIR TURNS GREY

WHEN a person has grey hair before becoming fifty years old, everybody thinks this is a sign of mental decay. This is a great mistake, and very unjust to those who are afflicted. The reason is due to a slight disorder in the pigmentary glands of the scalp, sometimes caused by a shock or nervousness, and more often due to neglect of the hair.

But every person whose hair is turning or who is already grey, may now rejoice, for there has been discovered a perfect remedy. It is not one of those cheap and nasty dyes or stains, but it is a preparation which feeds and invigorates the pigmentary glands, causing renewed life and a return of the natural colour. It is perfectly harmless, its use cannot be detected, and the hair gradually darkens until it reaches the shade of the days of youth. It is equally good for men and women, and if any reader of this paper would like to try a bottle I will hand same to him or her free, with my compliments, at my office, or will send in plain sealed wrapper, if three penny stamps are enclosed for posting.—Prof. PAUL LIND (Dept. 114 C), 54, Duke Street, Mayfair, London (two doors from Oxford Street).

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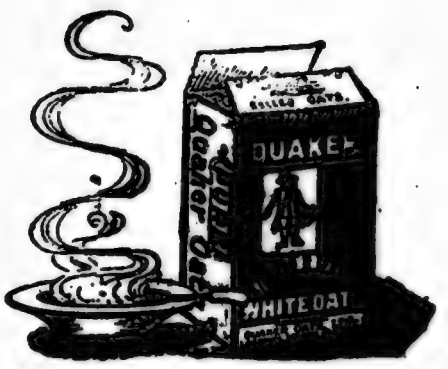

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"Yesterday my employer—Mr. Bennet, of the Easton, Kingswood and Parkfield Collieries—said that as soon as I got through my course of Mining under your Schools he would give me a Foreman's job right away. I now have chances which I never could have hoped to get except as an I.C.S. student."

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In Three Strengths. Our Latest Success.

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In Three Strengths.
The Blend that made us famous.

"MOUND" Mixture 1/4 per 2 ozs.
Blended from the finest leaf procurable.

All the Best Tobacconists supply the above, but should you have any difficulty, send stamps to the amount for Samples to the Manufacturers,

Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.

F. E. M. (Streatham) asks if any of our readers knows the whereabouts of a sect called "The Seventh Day Adventists." We hope not!

A. E. H. (London) tells us of wholesale complaints on the part of the staff about the food supplied to them at the M.A.B. Children's Infirmary, Carshalton. We suggest that Mr. Burns should make inquiries.

"SHELLBACK" (Fifeshire).—We have your letter and thank you for the enclosure. Yes, of course, a sailor is eligible for membership of the John Bull League.

H. McK. (Montreal) overwhelms us with pretty compliments, and says that "Canada is all right for anyone who is not afraid of work."

J. H. L. (Portsmouth).—We do not see why working in the Government service should incapatitate you from joining the John Bull League.

H. J. L. (Clapham Junction).—It is certainly very hard that when the workman's trams from Clapham Junction are unduly delayed, the workmen should have to pay the full fare of 2½d. single instead of 2d. return. They should give their names and addresses and invite the conductor to sue them in the County Court.

D. E C. (Lymington) is annoyed by the insults levelled at Crow, and wants us to assure our contributor that he has one admirer. But Crow fondly imagines he has many.

E. S. (Holborn).—Did you really think the sewing machine company would celebrate their jubilee by giving people double what they spent in a month?

"PROTESTANT" (Limavady) considers himself insulted by the use of the word Catholic without the prefix Roman. If he is never more badly insulted than this, he can go home and burn his blackthorn.

W. A. S. (Willesden).—Hard lines, but creditors usually squeeze the more substantial debtor. However, if your guarantee was obtained by a trick, you could probably move to set aside the judgment.

J. M. (Ramsay) wants us to be more serious, but surely there are already enough long faces being pulled, besides long legs. We agree that the influence of weekly papers (at any rate of one weekly paper) is increasing.

M. N. R. (Herne Hill).—We know plenty of "middle-aged young men." Lloyd George is one.

O. P. (Glasgow) has written a novel and wants to know what to do with it. He had better send it to all the publishers and then sell it to his grocer.

"A BUDDHIST."—It was certainly frank of the railway company to advertise a "new late train." Most trains usually are late, aren't they?

W. G. H. (Forest Gate).—Thanks for the ode to Jim Crow. We will take jolly good care that he does go onward upon his virtuous path, but we don't know where it will lead him.

G. L. (St. George's Workhouse) thinks we ought to have come out many years ago. We agree. He sells his bacon to buy us. Quite right. Better than saving it.

L. W. (Bedford) complains of a firm which offers second-hand cameras on the instalment system, and then sends out new ones. This does not seem to be a very serious grievance.

W. R. B. (Great Titchfield Street) advocates roadside fruit-trees. A plucky suggestion.

"DUMB WAITER" (Finchley) asks if a dinner-wagon has any connection with dining *a la carte*. It depends on the doylie.

C. R. (Eltham) asks how the Established Church can be the Church of Christ. But surely it professes Christianity.

A. T. (Brockley) sends a complaint against the Cingalese Tea Company.

J. L. C. (Southsea) writes a letter of eight pages and says: "I take it you are an exceeding busy man." That being so, we will answer as briefly as possible. We suppose that the Press takes notice of the more startling developments of the Women's Suffrage Movement because it pays to do so. We agree, too, that the Press seems tacitly to invite disorder.

J. C. H. (Glasgow) says that youngsters now obtain their cigarettes from the automatic machines—especially on railway station platforms, which are usually deserted except just before and after the arrival of trains.

G. T. (Chiswick).—The Post Office prosecuted one of these people and failed. A Bill is now before the House of Commons with the intention of stopping them.

A. H. E. (Surbiton) desires to warn servant girls against the National Bible Supply (17 and 18, Railway Approach, London Bridge). The Bibles cost £2 10s., and the instalments must become a heavy tax.

H. W. (London, S.E.) says that he can expose the illegality of most moneylenders. We hope he will do so without delay.

"BULLITE" (Wood Green) wants us to settle a bet as to whether Ostend rabbits come from the neighbourhood of Ostend. We always thought they came from London house-tops.

A. H. S. (West Norwood).—It is difficult for us to pronounce upon questions of speed limits.

"A REGULAR READER" (Smethwick).—We were not aware that engineering firms dismissed members of their staff for inability to play cricket and football, nor did we know that Messrs. Cadbury were engineers. We thought they had something to do with cocoa and newspapers.

NEMO.—Your letter, with enclosure, was duly received.

H. L. A. (Stourbridge) and S. (Chester).—As we have often said, we investigated the business methods of the agency referred to, and were satisfied of its *bond fides*.

"DISCORD" (Norfolk).—We do not recommend Tanner and Co., Employment Agents, 20, Mark Lane, E.C.

W. P. B. (Walham Green) writes: "Since the imposition of the increased taxation of spirits and malt liquors, I have obtained my liquor refreshment, in company with two gold fish I possess, from a small basin in the garden of my house." But he was caught doing this and his water rate was raised 6s. per annum.

"INCAS" (North Wales) asks when the animated pictures of the Burns-Johnson fight were shown in London, and whether any of them were faked. How do we know?

"CONSTANT READER" (Rayleigh) says the Local Government Board spent thousands of pounds in reclaiming land in Essex. He wants to know what was done with it and how much it fetched. Quite so.

"PROUD COLONEL" (Bournemouth) wants us to ascertain from "Julia" whether a Bournemouth Town Councillor was refused admission at the gates of Heaven by St. Peter and told to go back to Bournemouth as they had no quiet Sundays up there. We will ring her up.

B. (Brockley) wants Jim Crow to have a biscuit for alluding to whiskers on the upper lip. Dr. Johnson, however, defines a whisker as "the hair growing on the upper lip, a mustachio."

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.

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Describe your Rupture, state what you have done to get relief, so that I can help you. What has cured others will surely cure you. Do not hesitate to write at once. Simply fill in and send coupon below and all will be sent you free.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Self Concern.

It is extraordinary with what interest one scans the programme, and either analyses the race or notes the weights to each, when interested in a horse engaged.

Owners need Studying.

I certainly *do* agree that all surpluses from sales or anything else should be re-distributed among owners supporting the races, to help alleviate their inordinately heavy expenses, rather than that the gaping funds of race executives should be further and utterly unjustifiably increased.

A Regrettable Reaction.

The strong desire to make next week's Cottenham meeting extend over two days has been, unfortunately, frustrated owing to the troubles recently occasioned locally, *apropos* of the Drag Hunt and the abortive summoning of the Master for alleged cruelty.

An Incentive.

A competition has just been started in the West Indies to induce owners of brood mares to regard horse-breeding as a science, by offering substantial prizes to those who, in the opinion of the expert judges, have chosen the right blood for importing sires and mating with their mares.

A Contrast to England's Conveniences.

A two-year-old filly, Pallisade, by New Orleans—Cynthia, won a race, the Trial Stakes, at Modder River, a short time ago, under rather extraordinary circumstances for a racehorse, as she had to be ridden 3½ hours and then to swim the river to get to the racecourse.

Saving the Wreck.

When one sees the scratching of a horse out of all engagements, in a certain owner's name, it means a desperate attempt to save all the forfeits possible for something that has probably eaten its head off—or even gone to the cab yard.

Prophetic.

The elements may prevent racing for a few days, which would not be an unmixed blessing. Assuming there is no interference with Gatwick or Kempton, to-day (Thursday) provides the most advisable investment of the week in

Greator,

who will surely win the Throckmorton Hurdle Handicap, for he is a good stayer and has been beaten three times recently solely through lack of speed at the finish. On "the book" he has 6 lbs. or 7 lbs. the worst of it with Bird of Prey, who beat him at Sandown, but as that was Mr. Stedall's horse's first outing, he has improved a lot since. On the same afternoon Mago Pico will win the Brook Plate.

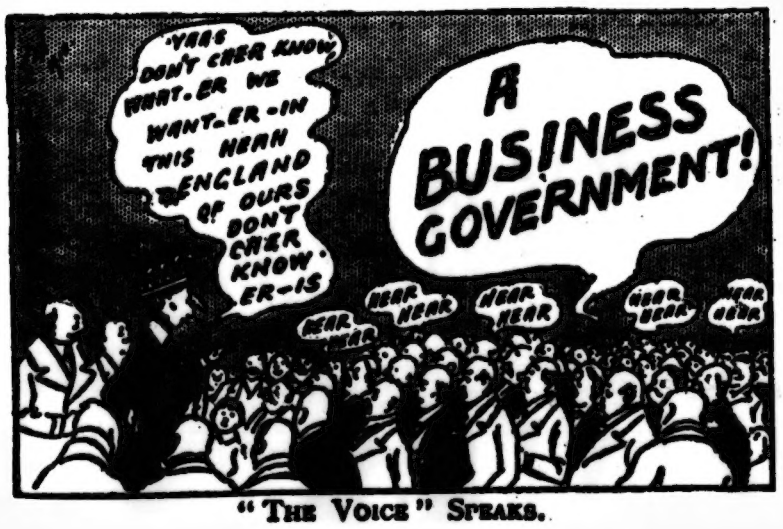
At Kempton, on Friday, in view of Sandown a month hence, Oilskin is not likely to risk gaining a penalty in the moderate valued Hurdle Handicap, which Black Plum may therefore win, but much more tempting opportunities for a flutter occur over

See See,

who will beat the remainder in the Egham Plate; and

Kolo,

who must take the Handicap Steeplechase, if he runs anything like kindly. Gretchen's Pet is handicapped to gain Wootton his expenses for a pending trip to the Riviera in the Hanworth Plate, for he *was* backed to give weight to Mago Pico at Hurst Park.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HEAR HEAR
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